3001

By

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FADE IN: *

EXT. PLANET EARTH

A medium shot of The Planet Earth floating in space. An important-sounding NARRATOR begins.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
As the twenty-first century began, human evolution was at a turning point. Natural selection, the process by which the strongest, the smartest, the fastest reproduced in greater number than the rest, a process which had once favored the noblest traits of man…

DISSOLVE on pictures of great historical figures, Galileo, Leonardo DaVinci, Columbus, MLK Jr., etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D) (contíd) *
Now began to favor different traits...

DISSOLVE on pictures of Geraldo, Joey Buttafuco, Kathy Lee Gifford, the guy from "The Bachelor,".

NARRATOR (cont'd) (contíd) *
While most science fiction of the day predicted a future that was more civilized and more intelligent...

DISSOLVE on pictures of 1960s-sci-fi-style antiseptic future: Handsome scientists, pristine domed cities, etc.

NARRATOR (cont'd) (contíd) *
...all signs indicated that the human race was heading in the opposite direction -- a dumbing down.

We PAN from the images over to a bunch of modern-day dumbasses w/ fanny packs, standing in line at a TOMORROWLAND RIDE -- revealing that the images we just saw were from the ride.

NARRATOR (cont'd) (contíd) *
How did this happen? Evolution does not make moral judgments. Evolution does not necessarily reward that which is good or beautiful. It simply rewards those who reproduce the most.

INT. TASTEFUL APARTMENT

A prosperous YUPPIE couple speaks to the camera as if being interviewed.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
I'm a cardiologist, and I'm finishing my residency at Harvard. I'm twenty-six years old. This is my wife, she's a financial planner.

YUPPIE WIFE
(good-natured correcting)
And I'm finishing law school.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
Having kids is such an important decision.

YUPPIE WIFE
We're waiting for the right time. It's not something you want to rush into.

THE SCREEN SPLITS. The YUPPIE couple is squeezed into the LEFT SIDE of the screen, where they chastely hold hands.

On the RIGHT SIDE of screen appears:

INT. CRAPPY BEDROOM

A heinous trashy white couple, fresh off a hair-pulling free-for-all episode of Jerry Springer is making out, getting hot and heavy on their ratty fold-out couch.

TRASHY GUY
Shit.

SLUTTY GIRL
Shit, yeah.

TRASHY GUY
Naw, I mean, shit! I ain't got no rubbers!

SLUTTY GIRL
Aw, shit.

A beat. Then they go back at it.

TRASHY GUY
Aw, Fuck it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The right side of the screen divides into four smaller frames as the couple's babies pop up.

LEFT SIDE OF SCREEN:

The yuppie couple, now in their thirties. Their living room shows signs of greater financial success.

YUPPIE WIFE
There's no way we could have a child now, not with the market the way it is.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
(nods in agreement)
It just wouldn't make sense.

As they continue, they are drowned out by the

RIGHT SIDE OF SCREEN:

More years have passed. The Trashy Guy is looking at a check. Several kids, now more grown up, fight in the background. He's with a NEW SLUTTY GIRL.

TRASHY GUY
You mean we get more welfare money if we have more kids?

NEW SLUTTY GIRL
Yeah. Foodstamps too.

They share a look, then:

SEVERAL MORE BABIES POP UP, and the frames multiply.

The Yuppie couple ages, the frames on the right side of the screen continue to multiply, indicating more years going by.

LEFT SIDE OF SCREEN:

The yuppie couple is now in their late thirties. The mood is tense.

YUPPIE WIFE
Well, we've finally decided to have kids, and I'm not pointing fingers, but... It's not going well.

YUPPIE HUSBAND
Oh, and this is helping!

CONTINUED: (2)

YUPPIE WIFE
I'm just saying, before I have in vitro, maybe you should be willing--

YUPPIE HUSBAND
It's always me.

YUPPIE WIFE
Well, it's not my sperm count.

RIGHT SIDE OF SCREEN:

We feature a fifteen-year-old TRASHY JOCK (one of the trashy kids we've seen grow up), lumbering off the field with his arms around four skanks.

JOCK
I'm gonna fuck all y'all!

More and more babies pop up. As the right side of the screen becomes more and more crowded, it begins to PUSH INTO THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SCREEN.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE SCREEN is brimming with new generations of dumbass. They are all speaking at once and multiplying like rabbits, drowning out the yuppie couple.

LOWER LEFT CORNER OF SCREEN:

The Yuppie Woman, in her 50s, is now crowded into a small corner in the bottom-left of the screen, alone.

YUPPIE WIFE
Unfortunately, Trevor passed away of a heart attack while masturbating to produce sperm for artificial insemination, but I've got some eggs frozen, and just as soon as the right guy comes along...

The Yuppie wife's square is forced into oblivion as the screen is consumed by the ever-increasing generations of dumbasses, her voice drowned out by a cacophony of yelling morons.

Sound fades out. Narrator's voice fades in:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But there would be a savior... A man who would become a legend...
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (contíd)
Whose mighty hand would pull humanity from the brink of self-destruction... It was in the year 2004, in an army base in Virginia...

EXT. ARMY BASE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. ARMY BASE - DAY

JOE BOWERS, 30s, is hunched over a test bench, soldering iron in hand, concentrating intensely.

We get a little closer and see Joe is holding the tip of the soldering iron to a popcorn kernel. The kernel pops, hitting Joe in the eye. Startled, Joe drops his hand onto a circuit board, shocking himself, causing him to fall back onto his stool.

SARGENT MILLER, 40s, with a noticeable BATTLE SCAR on his lower lip, enters. Another officer lingers by the door. *

MILLER
Today's your lucky day Joe. That guy out there? That's Officer Collins from the Pentagon. They're asking you to volunteer for a top secret experiment. This could be a great opportunity for you. *

JOE
Oh, no thanks sir. I've just got six years 'til my pension and I don't wanna do anything that might screw it up.

Miller looks at Joe, sizing him up.

MILLER
You know Joe, there's something else that comes with that pension, something they don't tell you about...

JOE
What's that?

MILLER
A hollow empty feeling.

JOE
Hollow empty feeling?

MILLER
Yep. I've seen it a thousand times -- It's the same feeling that trust fund kids and lottery winners get.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

MILLER (contíd)
It's the feeling you get when you've got nothing to strive for, no struggle... Drives some of 'em to suicide. You know how you get rid of it? You do something that matters, you challenge yourself.

JOE
Sorry sir, but remember the last time you had me challenge myself? When I tried to rewire the sound system in the Mess Hall?

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. MESS HALL - DAY

We see Miller, WITHOUT THE SCAR ON HIS LOWER LIP, go up to a microphone.

MILLER
Testing... One two-- AAAAAAAGH!

Miller is blown out of frame by a spark arcing off the microphone on to his lower lip.

BACK TO:

PRESENT:

Miller' hand unconsciously moves to the scar on his lower lip.

MILLER
Yeah... I remember. Look, I know you don't like responsibility, just wanna be left alone in your little corner here, but the truth is, this isn't much of a challenge. It's some kind of hibernation experiment. You'd be getting paid to sleep for a year. It would be pretty hard to screw this up.

JOE
Yeah well, all the same sir, I kind of like things the way they are.

Beat. Miller sighs, disappointed.

MILLER
Look Joe, I wanted to give you the opportunity to volunteer first. Thought it would make you feel better about yourself, but the fact is, this as an assignment. You've got no choice.

CONTINUED:

Off Joe's worried expression we CUT TO:

INT. ARMY BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Highly decorated officers sit around a conference table. OFFICER COLLINS is at the head of the table, holding a remote, giving a slide presentation. He's a nerdy-creepy Army Engineer in his 40s, with a big mustache that looks out of place on his wimpy face.

COLLINS
Gentlemen, CNAPA, or Chronological Non-compatibility and Peacetime Aging has plagued the armed forces for years. Some of our best pilots, soldiers and military leaders have spent their entire careers without ever seeing battle. We've seen all their talents and expensive training go to waste during times of peace.

The officers murmur agreement.

A slide appears: HHP -- Top Secret!

COLLINS (cont'd) (contíd) *
Enter the Human Hibernation Project, designed to save our best men, frozen in their prime, for when they're needed most.

The Officers are impressed.

COLLINS (cont'd) (contíd) *
We have selected two test subjects, a male and a female.

Collins clicks his remote. We see a large, unflattering picture of Joe.

COLLINS (cont'd) (contíd) *
This is Private Joe Bowers, an electrician here on the base, not one of our best men. He was chosen primarily because of how remarkably average he is -- <u>extremely</u> average. In every category.

Collins clicks through several slides of bell curves for intelligence, physical strength, etc. Joe is at the dead center of each curve.

COLLINS (contíd) *
The most average person in our entire Army.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

COLLINS (contíd)
He also has no family -- unmarried, an only child, parents deceased -- making him an ideal candidate, with no one to ask any nosy questions should something go wrong with the experiment.

Various officers nod, approving.

COLLINS (cont'd) (contíd) *
We had a little less luck finding a female volunteer with these qualifications within our ranks, and were forced to go into the private sector.

Collins clicks his remote. There's a picture of RITA, a pretty woman in her 20s, obviously a prostitute.

The officers react, confused.

Collins (cont'd) (contíd) *
This is Rita. Like Joe, she has no immediate family. She agreed to participate in exchange for dropping some criminal charges, and a small fee.

Collins cues up a slide of a pimp in full pimp regalia.

COLLINS (cont'd) (contíd) *
We did however have to make a small arrangement with her pimp -- a gentleman here in the D.C. area who goes by the name, "Upgrade," which he spells U-P-G-R-A-Y-E-D-D, with two 'D's, as he says,
(air quotes)
"for a double dose of this pimpin'".

As Collins talks, he clicks through several slides of Upgrayed in different outfits, showing off his jewelry, driving in a Mercedes, etc.

The Officers begin to shift uncomfortably.

COLLINS (CONT'D) (contíd) *
Upgrayed agreed to "loan" us Rita for exactly a year, and keep quiet in exchange for some leeway from local police in running his "pimp game." First, however, there was the difficult manner of gaining his trust.

A slide of Collins and Upgrayed sharing a giant bottle of champagne.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OFFICER
Could we skip to the technicals, please?

COLLINS
Sure. Let me just finish here...

The other officers squirm as Collins clicks through slides of himself with Upgrayed, with ho's, etc.

COLLINS (CONT'D) (contid) *
You see, a pimp's love is very different from that of a square--

OFFICER #2
Collins!

There's an awkward silence. After a beat:

COLLINS
(Pouty)
Fine. We'll move on... It is a fascinating world, though.

Collins quickly clicks past more slides of himself with Upgrayde. And clicking some more. And some more. And some more.

OFFICER #2
Jesus, Collins!

Collins speeds through another dozen slides of Upgrayed and his hos. The crowd rolls their eyes. Finally, a slide of the hibernation pod.

Collins
Anyway, the experiment is ready to begin immediately. If successful, we believe humans could be stored in a "dry freeze" indefinitely...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small on-base apartment. Joe is packing up his place for his year-long absence and talking on the phone to his girlfriend, SHARON.

SHARON (V.O.)
I'm so sorry I had to work late. I mean, it's your last night and you're gonna be gone for a whole year.

CONTINUED:

JOE
Don't worry, it's not your fault... Look, I know a year is a long time. I don't expect you to wait for me--

SHARON (V.O.)
No, Joe. Don't even say that. You didn't have a choice.

JOE
I'll tell you what, I'll make it up to you. I'll meet you at TJ Swan's, one year and three days from now. October 17th.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sharon is at her desk, a secretary's desk outside an office. She finishes the call.

SHARON
Okay, it's a date.

Her boss, a creepy Ben Affleck type, walks over and sits on the edge of her desk.

BOSS
Soooo. I couldn't help but overhear... You know, if I had a girl like you, I sure wouldn't let her out of my sight for a minute, let alone for a year.

Sharon blushes a little, flattered. *

INT. ARMY BASE - SECRET HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Joe and Rita, the prostitute, are waiting to go through some medical tests. Both are in Army-issue hospital gowns. Joe is nervous, wound up. Rita on the other hand, is bored, hungover, doesn't want to be there. Joe awkwardly tries to strike up a conversation.

JOE
So... This is kind of crazy huh? What unit are you with?

RITA
I ain't in the service.

JOE
Ohh, private sector...
(beat)
So what do you do?

CONTINUED:

RITA
A little of this, a little of that.

She looks away, trying to end the conversation.

JOE
Wow... That's great. I really envy people who can make a living that way -- doing a little bit of this and that. I had a neighbor who used to make chainsaw sculptures and sell 'em at the flea market. I guess I don't really have much of an imagination. That's why I'm in the Army. Heh heh.

Rita rubs her temples. It looks like she had a rough night.

JOE (contíd) *
So... You're an artist or something?

Beat.

RITA
Um, yeah.

JOE
Wow, that's great. Do you do like, paintings or--

RITA
(short)
Yeah, paintings.

JOE
Oh, great. What kind of stuff do you paint?

Rita sighs impatiently. This is more work than she expected.

RITA
I don't know, people and fruit and shit.

JOE
Wow, it must be great to make a living doing something you love.

RITA
Ah...
(world-weary sigh)
It's not all it's cracked up to be.

A DOCTOR enters.

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR
Okay, who wants to go first?

RITA
(get me out of here)
Me!

A beefy ORDERLY enters and prepares a thermometer for Joe.

JOE
Wow... A professional artist... That's really cool.

ORDERLY
Oh yeah, she's a professional alright...
(cracks himself up)

Joe doesn't get it, laughs politely along.

INT. SECRET POD ROOM - DAY

A small top secret room containing two sleeping pods with their hatches open. Joe and Rita are sitting up in their pods.

Joe and Rita look uneasy as they are strapped in, hooked up to hoses, IVs, etc. Rita looks especially freaked out as the reality of it starts to set in.

A LOUD COMPRESSOR KICKS ON, startling both of them. Rita instinctively grabs Joe's hand.

RITA
(worried)
This shit's safe, right?

Joe looks around the room, uneasily. *

JOE
Sure. They know what they're doing. I mean look at all these... machines and stuff... It'll be fine. They tested it on dogs... I think... Don't worry.

Joe puts on a brave face for her as they lie back in their pods.

Various shots -- Collins and the Doctor going over a checklist, checking all the apparatus, etc. The checklist complete, the pod doors are sealed. Collins hits a button and milky orange liquid begins flowing through the IVs.

CONTINUED:

JOE'S POV:

Things begin to get blurry, as Collins leans in.

COLLINS
See you in a year!

Joe and Rita's eyes flutter and close. They're out cold.

The orderlies and the Doctor exit the room.

After a beat, Collins follows. He hits a button labeled "Top Secret" and a facade drops from the ceiling, concealing the door.

INT. COLLINS'S OFFICE - DAY

The office of a highly-decorated officer -- trophies, commendations, etc. are everywhere. Collins sits at his desk doing paperwork.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Human Hibernation Project was one of the army's most ambitious projects. But it was not immune from the usual government bureaucracy.

Suddenly, a horde of tough Military Police storm Collins's office, grab him, and throw him to the ground.

ANGLE ON:

A newspaper. There's a picture of Collins on the cover. The caption reads:

Army Officer Busted in Attempted Prostitution Ring!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
With Collins gone, there were only four people left who knew about this top-secret experiment...

INT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT

A big buffet table is being prepared.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
All four died tragically in a botulism outbreak at a Veteran's Day banquet...

We see a dumb looking kitchen worker pouring canned chicken 'n' dumplings into a big pot, and lighting a little can of Sterno underneath.

CONTINUED:

A teenage busboy swoops out a tablecloth over a nearby table, blowing out the Sterno.

EXT. AMERICAN LEGION HALL - NIGHT

E.M.S workers load four draped bodies into ambulances.

NARRATOR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
...Joe and Rita were forgotten...

EXT. ARMY BASE - DAY

The army base looks abandoned. It's shuttered and padlocked.

NARRATOR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
...and the Base eventually closed. *

A worker walks into frame and plants a sign into the ground: "Future Site of Sierra Vista Estates." Bulldozers pile earth onto the base, burying it.

INT. SHARON'S OFFICE - DAY

Sharon sits sadly at her desk. The calender says March 14th. Her creepy Boss comes up behind her. *

BOSS
It's been a year and a half. Don't you think he would've called?

He starts rubbing her shoulders.

BOSS (cont'd)
Oooh, you feel tense. *

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WE PAN down from a Playboy Jazz Festival poster to find Sharon and her boss going at it in her boss's big four-poster Pottery-Barn bed, (tastefully covered by the bed sheets) to the sounds of lite jazz.

DISSOLVE on calender pages turning as we

BEGIN MONTAGE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
As Joe and Rita lay dormant, the years passed, and mankind became stupider at a frightening rate.

CONTINUED:

A chart depicting intelligence over time. An animated line begins at the present time. As it moves into the future, it drops precipitously.

DISSOLVE TO a few years in the future. There's now an ugly development of McMansions where the army base once stood.

High-speed time-lapse of a building being built over the site, finally revealing a new FUDDRUCKER'S.

Time lapse fast-motion of Fuddrucker's being torn down to build an even bigger Futtbucker's, which is torn down to build an even bigger Buttrucker's.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
Some scientists had high hopes for genetic engineering. But the efforts were slow, misguided and quickly overtaken by the declining intelligence and exploding population.

We see a baseball stadium. The marquee outside announces "Championship Baseball" DISSOLVE to a marquee reading "Extreme Baseball." Inside, a runner is caught in a rundown between second and third. Instead of gloves, the second and third basemen brandish bats menacingly. In the background, various players are engaged in batfights that seem to have little connection to the game. Outside, the marquee DISSOLVES again, this time it just reads "FIRE". We see huge flames rising up from the center of the stadium as the crowd goes berserk.

DISSOLVE on calendar pages turning, over images of gradually more stupid-looking people, starting with dumbasses of the present, continuing to future dumbasses.

The calender pages stop somewhere in the 2900s.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - SUNRISE

In silhouette, we see a magnificent vista that calls to mind the alps or the Grand Tetons.

NARRATOR
Plagues and World Wars came and went, and by simply being unconscious for several hundred years, Joe had managed to become something neither he, nor anyone who had ever known him, thought he had the potential to become... the smartest person on Earth...

CONTINUED:

As the sun rises, we see that this is not a natural mountain range -- it is a huge, stinking mountain of garbage, ridiculously steep and unstable, the result of centuries of stacking garbage with no plan whatsoever. We are definitely in the future.

PUSH IN ON:

The highest peak. A truck winds its way up a small road, a Dr. Suess-looking path carved into the side of an absurdly steep face.

At the wheel of the truck is the DRIVER, the dumbest looking guy you've ever seen, a fat gum-drop-headed guy, with a weird futuristic haircut, an ugly uniform and the McDonalds golden arches tattooed on his forehead.

He is looking at a porn magazine while he drives. He alternates between excited grunts from the porn and startled grunts as he nearly swerves off the road.

The driver manages to navigate the truck to the summit. He parks it, pulls a lever and the garbage begins to unload, causing the mountain to quiver under the new extra weight. The driver cracks a beer and watches. In the background we see an OMINOUS BLACK DUST STORM of epic proportions approaching -- like the Great Dust Bowl.

The truck finishes unloading and the driver tosses his empty can on top, but the dusty wind knocks it back down. The driver tries again. And again. Frustrated, he finally takes the can and plants it forcefully on top, causing the small peak to collapse, which causes the next part below to collapse, and a chain reaction on down the mountain. It was one beer can more than this mountain was designed to hold.

In a WIDER SHOT, we see a huge, epic

GARBAGE AVALANCHE!!!!

The huge waves of garbage engulf the city below. CLOSER, we see Joe AND RITA'S PODS emerge, riding the crest of the garbage wave. They split into two directions. We FOLLOW Joe's pod for a while.

CLOSE ON Joe'S POD as it comes to a stop. PULL OUT to reveal we are in

EXT. FILTHY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe's pod has come to rest on a dirty street below a giant billboard ad of a scowling, Neanderthal looking macho-man with a cigarette hanging from his mouth. It reads, "If you don't smoke Carltons...Fuck you!"

As we PULL OUT further, we see that every single square inch of everything is plastered with advertisements. Even the passersby's clothes are covered with ads. Everything seems to be in some stage of decay.

TV screens everywhere blast out competing trash and talking vending machines compete like carnival barkers for the attention of passersby.

WIDER ANGLE. Dumb-looking, overweight people wander around. On the back of everyone's left hand is a UPC tattoo. No one seems to have noticed or cared much about the garbage avalanche. They pay no attention to Joe's pod.

Suddenly, the ground RUMBLES. Another wave of garbage comes roaring down the street, smashing into Joe's pod, sending it flying into the air.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A half-built, dirty-looking place. Joe's pod goes crashing into a window.

INT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The pod lands on the floor of a tiny room with only enough space to house a La-Z-Boy recliner and a giant TV. DIZZ, mid-30s fatass, sits sunken deep in the recliner. He watches TV, his jaw hanging open in a dull expression, doesn't seem to register the pod that just crashed through his window.

Outside Dizz's window, the dust storm and avalanche continue. He couldn't care less. From the TV we hear an announcer with that testosterone-heavy Fox style, but even dumber sounding.

TV (V.O.)
Next, on the Violence Channel, an all-new episode of "Ow! My Balls!" Huh huh, yeah...

ANGLE ON TV:

The TV show begins: The MAIN CHARACTER, a frail, feeble looking man with a permanently worried look on his face, stands on a high-rise balcony looking out at the view.

CONTINUED:

A big lumbering JOCK comes up behind him, kicks him in the balls, sending him over the balcony.

ANGLE ON DIZZ, amused.

DIZZ
(primitive laugh sound)
Uuuugh!...

ANGLE ON:

Joe's pod. It starts to come to life. We hear fluids flowing, LED lights come on. The pod displays a message: Unfreezing!

BACK ON THE TV:

The show continues. In rapid succession, the Main Character falls off the balcony, lands on a high voltage wire, on his balls, gets sling-shotted off, starts falling, heading straight for a fence, lands on his balls, then falls into someone's yard. A dog runs up, bites his balls, he scrambles over the high fence, falls down the other side, lands on a sawhorse, right on his balls, then finally falls to the ground. He stands up, brushes himself off, then notices something: a huge wrecking ball swinging right towards his balls. He stands there like a deer caught in the headlights, then WHAM, right in the balls. We follow him through the air, his balls straddling the wrecking ball...

MAIN CHARACTER/AUDIENCE
Ow! My balls!

DIZZ
(laughing, losing it)
Uuuugh-huuuuh-ugh!

ANGLE ON THE POD:

The pod door opens. Joe leans up, cracks open his freezer burned eyes, looks around dazed. He's still in his military hospital outfit.

Joe looks at Dizz. He has no idea what he's looking at or where he is. He clutches his head in pain.

JOE
(groggy)
Uhhhh...

Dizz's eyes remain glued to the TV, but he is momentarily distracted by Joe's noise.

CONTINUED: (2)

DIZZ
Ugh?

Joe rubs his eyes, takes in his surroundings -- nothing makes sense to him. He is completely disoriented.

JOE
(really groggy)
Um, where...? Is this ah...

DIZZ
Shut up!
(back to TV, laughs)
Huuuh-uuugh...

Joe looks at Dizz, confused. Joe tries to get up, stumbles a couple of times, falls to the ground.

JOE
(rubbing his eyes, trying to figure it out)
Um... Where's Officer Collins? Is this...? Are we on base?

Irritated, Dizz becomes hostile.

DIZZ
I'm gonna base yer... ass on my...
(can't quite make it work)
ff...fist! Ass! Shut up!

Joe, groggy and half-blind, stumbles backwards in retreat.

JOE
I'm sorry, I'm just... where am I?

DIZZ
SHUT UP!!!

Dizz gets up angrily, revealing that the recliner is also a toilet . He pulls up his pants, flushes it, then walks over, grabs Joe and throws him out the window.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Yeah!

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Joe hits the ground hard. Joe gets up and painfully limps around. He looks across the street, sees something that makes him do a double-take:

CONTINUED:

JOE'S POV:

A cheerful T.G.I.F.-looking restaurant. The sign reads: Buttfucker's! (In the exact shape, colors and font of Fuddrucker's.)

Joe looks at the sign a beat, at the kids' birthday party going on inside, back at the sign, and shakes his head. A guy and a girl walk by, each obese and wearing those T-shirts that make it look like you're naked.

JOE
Excuse me,
(points to Buttfucker's)
could you read that sign for me?

GUY
Read? What do I look like, a fag?

The guy growls at Joe. Joe stumbles off, nearly getting run over by a broken-down futuristic car being pulled by a team of dogs. The car is continually making that annoying dinging sound they make when the door is open. Joe rubs his eyes in disbelief, then walks unsteadily, holding his head.

JOE
I must be hallucinating...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe stops near a group of guys.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Joe wandered the streets, desperate for help, but the English language had deteriorated into a hybrid of hillbilly, valley-girl, innercity slang, and various grunts. Joe was able to understand them, but when he spoke in his ordinary voice, he sounded pompous and "faggy" to them.

Joe asks for directions. The guys all laugh and make fun of him. Joe pleads. One of the guys freaks out and starts beating his chest and yelling incomprehensible obscenities. Joe runs away, then he notices something.

JOE
Oh thank God...

JOE'S POV:

A (misspelled) sign reads: "Memorial" Hospitle

CONTINUED:

Above it is a huge billboard which reads:

"Surgery with an ATTITUDE!"

with a picture of a Vin Diesel type in a scrub suit, holding a scalpel, with an anti-authority, "fuck you" scowl.

Joe just shakes his head and walks towards the entrance.

[NOTE: For the purpose of this script, the dialogue of people of 2974 will be written in normal English, but for the movie, a future-dumbass accent and appropriate slang would be created, as described above.]

INT. "MEMORIAL" HOSPITLE - SAME TIME

Joe walks through the waiting room. People are sprawled around with a variety of strange injuries -- a fat guy tangled up trying to take off his sweatshirt who's violently struggling to free himself, a whole family with their hands all stuck in a big jar of food like it's a raccoon trap.

Joe staggers up to what looks like a fast food counter. A dull, bored-looking COUNTER WOMAN is behind the counter, wearing a uniform that's halfway between McDonald's and hospital whites.

JOE
Hi.. uh, I was in this army experiment-- and I'm not feeling so good. I think I might be seeing things...

COUNTER WOMAN
Uuuh...

We see the Counter Woman looking down at a machine that looks like one of those cash registers at McDonald's where there are no words or numbers, just pictures, icons depicting various ailments -- a picture of an elbow with pain lines coming out, a picture of a guy with a knife in his head making a frowny face, a guy's butt, a knee, etc.

She glances up at Joe, back at the key pad, thinking hard:

COUNTER WOMAN (cont'd)
Uhhhhh...

Finally her finger lands on a key with an icon of a guy shrugging, looking bewildered. She presses it.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Diagnostic, male!

CONTINUED:

COUNTER WOMAN
Uh... go over there.

Joe starts to leave then turns around.

JOE
Is there a drinking fountain?

The woman just points over her shoulder.

Joe walks up to the drinking fountain and hits the button. He starts to drink and then makes a confused, disturbed face.

He pulls away from the fountain to reveal some fluorescent greenish gatorade-type liquid is being dispensed. On the side of the fountain is a logo that reads, "RAUNCHO, THE THIRST MUTILATOR." Joe stops a passing doctor.

JOE (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I think this is Gatorade or something. I'm just looking for some regular water?

DOCTOR
(stumped)
Water? You mean like in the toilet? What for?

JOE
Just to... drink?

The Doctor stares at him a beat, then just starts LAUGHING LIKE AN IDIOT and walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DIAGNOSTIC ROOM - LATER ON

Joe is in line leading up to a uniformed TECHNICIAN running what looks like one of those auto-diagnostic machines from Jiffy Lube, or an automated car wash.

A sad-looking man pulls up his pants as the technician hits a button on the machine.

COMPUTER VOICE
(you've got mail)
You've got hepatitis!

The man looks shocked. He starts to break down. *

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Hey! Take it easy! Your illness is important to us!

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN
Next.

Joe steps up. The Technician holds up three probes connected to the diagnostic machine.

TECHNICIAN (cont'd)
Okay. This one goes in your mouth.

Joe tentatively opens his mouth. The technician puts it in.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
This one's for your ear.

The technician sticks a second probe in Joe's ear.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
And... This one goes in your butt.

The technician hands Joe a third probe. Joe looks at it reluctantly, hesitates a beat, then looks at the line of 20 people staring at him.

GUY IN LINE
Hurry UP ASSHOLE!!!

Joe unhappily puts the plug up his butt (O.S.).

TECHNICIAN
Shit, wait a second.

The Technician pulls all three plugs out and stupidly fumbles with the identical cables.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay, <u>this</u> one goes in your... No, wait a second...

Joe tries to follow the one that was in his butt like three-card monte, but it's a lost cause. The technician stops shuffling the probes.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
Okay. <u>This</u> one goes in your mouth.

Joe stares in horror as the Technician brings the probe closer to his mouth. Joe hesitates.

GUY IN LINE (O.S.)
COME ON!!!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

Joe at the drinking fountain, furiously rinsing and spitting.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Joe sits, waiting for the doctor. He sees a magazine on the doctor's desk:

Hot Naked Chicks and World Report.

Joe picks up the magazine. He sees the date on it: March 3, 2974.

JOE
(mutters)
Weird misprint.

Joe flips through it. He lands on an article: Economy be all bad and shit!/Inflation higher than a motherfucker! Another article: Dust Storms kicking our ass. On another page, a picture of an impoverished man, with the quote: "I'm fuckin' hungry!" * *

The DOCTOR enters, a big, affable lunk holding several charts and computer printouts.

DOCTOR
Hey, how's it going, man?

JOE
Not so good... I'm hallucinating like crazy. I think it's the drugs these army guys put me on. It's kind of Top Secret, but if you could just get me well enough to get back to Base...

DOCTOR
(nodding)
Uh-huh, uh-huh. Kick ass.
(looking at Joe's chart)
Anyway, I don't wanna sound like a dick or nothing, but I looked at your charts and it seems like you're fucked up, you talk like a fag, and your shit may be retarded. What I'd do, man, is get plenty of rest--

JOE
Wha? I... I want a second opinion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR
(holds up Joe's charts)
OmniPal doesn't lie, man. But listen -- there's plenty of 'tards out there living really kickass lives. My first wife was retarded and she's a pilot. *

JOE
Okay, I'm going to another hospital.

DOCTOR
So, that'll be six billion dollars.
(hands Joe an invoice)
So if you can just sign this while I scan you.

JOE
Wait, six billion? What? *

The Doctor takes Joe's wrist as Joe reads the invoice. Joe notices the date: March 3, 2974.

JOE (CONT'D)
That's funny. That's the exact same misprint as that magazine over there... What're the odds of...

Joe trails off. His eyes go wide.

JOE'S POV:

The date on the magazine, the date on the invoice, the date on the Doctor's desk calendar... Suddenly it all comes together.

JOE (CONT'D)
Oh... my... God!!!

As Joe starts freaking out, the doctor notices he doesn't have a UPC tattoo.

DOCTOR
(panicking)
Where's your 'ttoo??

The doctor reacts by shrieking like a monkey and flailing his arms. Joe and the doctor are feeding off each other's mutual freak-outs.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
You're an unscannable!!

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
Hunh?!

The Doctor hits a button on his desk. A loud alarm goes off.

JOE (CONT'D)
Wait a minute! You don't understand!

DOCTOR
UNSCANNABLE!!!

JOE
I need to talk to someone in the army!
(realizing)
Wait a minute. They're all dead.
(freaking out)
Everyone I know is dead! Oh God! And Sharon! I stood her up! By a thousand years!

More alarms start going off. We hear more people in the hospital start screaming: "Unscannable!" Joe takes off running out of the building.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Joe wanders the street, still freaked out. He stops in front of a Radio Shack type store, and looks through a window at a display of futuristic TVs.

We PAN ACROSS the TVs, each one with a network logo in the corner. The first is the Violence Channel, featuring two Butterbean-looking guys hitting each other, then the Masturbation Network featuring two topless women, and finally Fox, featuring two topless women hitting each other.

Joe just stares, bewildered.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE

Joe stares up at a big stark marquee with the word "ASS" in the middle of it. Underneath, it says, "#1 MOVIE IN AMERICA!" *

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

On the screen is nothing more than a man's ass, full screen, farting every ten seconds or so.

We PAN across an audience of scary, Neanderthal people laughing like baboons and stuffing their faces with greasy popcorn, to find Joe sitting alone, horrified.

EXT. CATHEDRAL

Joe limps up the steps and opens the grand door.

INT. CATHEDRAL *

In a wrestling ring at the altar, a steroided-out guy in a Jesus wrestling outfit is doing an incredibly violent wrestling move on a guy in a Devil outfit. The conJoeation goes nuts as the Devil's manager grabs a folding chair and starts sneaking up on the victorious Jesus.

Joe backs away, freaked out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TIGHT ON Joe's frightened and confused face.

Joe notices something across the street. It's the Golden Arches. He walks over.

EXT. BIG MCDONALD'S-LOOKING VENDING MACHINE - CONTINUOUS

A woman and her four hungry kids in front of the ugly futuristic vending machine. Under the golden arches is written: "Powered by OmniPal!" The woman is getting frustrated, hitting a screen and waving the UPC tattoo on her wrist in front of it. The COMPUTER VOICE, the voice of the omnipresent OmniPal network, has that annoying Sprint-PCS/AOL "You've got mail" voice, disjointed and booming with cheery enthusiasm, even when it's giving you bad news. *

COMPUTER VOICE
Enjoy your cheeseburger!

WOMAN
(furious)
You didn't give me no cheeseburger! I just got an empty can!

COMPUTER VOICE
Would you like...another... cheeseburger?

WOMAN
I DIDN'T GET ANY!!!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your account has been charged.
(beat as hard-drive clicks)
You have no more money! Please come back when you can afford to make a purchase! *

(CONTINUED)

The woman BANGS on the machine in frustration. [Note: the following line will be the computer's catchphrase, always delivered in the same condescending, enthusiastic manner of Robert Young in the old Maxwell House decaf commercials]

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Hey! Take it easy!
(she bangs again)
Hey! Take it easy!

WOMAN
My children are starving! And you took all my money!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your children are starving. OmniPal believes that no child should go hungry! You are an unfit mother! Now notifying Child Protective Services!

We hear a siren in the distance. The woman and her four hungry kids take off running past Joe.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Your children will be placed in the custody of McDonald's! *

Joe watches them run off, concerned.

Suddenly, there's a stampede of dumbass COPS converging on the vending machine. One of the Cops notices Joe:

COP
Hey! Is that the unfit mother?

COP 2
No, he's an unscannable! *

COP
That must be the one from the hospital! Alright!

Ten cops tackle Joe and handcuff him.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Joe is led, cuffed, to a waiting police car. He struggles against his handcuffs.

Passersby, laughing stupidly, watch the cops drag him off.

CONTINUED:

JOE
I can explain! I was in an army experiment! It's not my fault!

ANGLE ON:

A cute LITTLE BOY and his MOM. The kid points at Joe.

LITTLE BOY
Mommy, that man talks like a fag!

MOM
Huh huh. He sure does.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Joe is thrown in the back of the squad car.

The car looks about 100 years more futuristic than today's cars, but everything looks busted and filthy.

Out the window, Joe notices something on the street -- RITA'S EMPTY POD.

JOE
Hey, that's the other pod! Rita? She's alive?! I gotta find her!

The cop leans back and maces Joe. Joe howls, the cop slams the thick glass partition shut.

As Joe claws at his eyes, the car begins speaking with the now familiar COMPUTER VOICE.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Welcome to police custody! You have the right to -- ERROR IN TWELVE! *
(a beat)
I'm sorry, your operation has caused a fatal ACP error. Would you like to report this error?... Would you like to report this error?... Would you--

JOE
(rubbing his eyes in pain)
No!

COMPUTER VOICE
Your operation has caused a fatal ACP error. Would you like to report--

JOE
Fine! Yes!

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you...
(long beat)
I'm sorry, your request has caused a fatal bit stream error. Would you like to report this error?

Finally, Joe snaps.

JOE
Shut up!!

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Hey! Take it easy! Would you like to report this error?...(on and on)

Joe starts to thrash around as the car pulls away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rita wanders the street, disoriented, still waking up.

She finds herself face to face with a guy who makes no attempt to hide his horniness, mumbling unintelligible come-ons, looking her up and down.

HORNY GUY
Aaawww yeeeeah... Mmmmmm girl... I could groove you real good...

Rita shakes it off, keeps walking. The guy, undeterred, follows. Rita looks around at her crazy surroundings, trying to put things together.

RITA
What the...? Man, shit's changed in a year... Where are those army guys?

HORNY GUY
Mmm baby, I got an army in my pants.

Rita ignores him, notices a futuristic pay phone and walks up to it. She looks at the phone, puzzled. It's still recognizable as a phone, but there's no keypad. She tentatively picks up the handset.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to AOL-Time-Warner-Starbucks-US Government long distance!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER VOICE (contíd)
Powered by OmniPal! Please say the name of the party you wish to call!

RITA
(unsure)
Uh... Upgrayed?

Beat, as the hard drive clicks away.

COMPUTER VOICE
There are 9,726 listings for "Upgrayed"!

Rita looks at the phone, confused.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Please deposit $2,000 to begin connection!

RITA
Two thousand dollars? Where'm I gonna get two thousand...?

The Horny Guy holds out a bunch of money, excited. Rita shakes her head, knowing what she has to do.

RITA
(to herself)
Guess shit didn't change all <u>that</u> much.

Rita reluctantly takes the money.

RITA
Alright hon'. Can you wait a sec' while I make a call?

HORNY GUY
Oooh yeah baby, I could wait so good.

Rita notices the guy's dumbass demeanor, gets an idea.

RITA
Oh yeah?... I like a man who can wait.

HORNY GUY
Baby I can wait a *long* time.

RITA
Could you wait a day?

HORNY GUY
Baby I could wait *two* days.

Rita gains confidence.

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA
Okay... I charge by the hour.

HORNY GUY
Ooooh yeah, you gonna be glad you waited baby...

The horny guy smugly peels off a bunch of bills.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is a mess, like a run-down inner-city public school classroom. There's garbage everywhere, graffiti. The flag is lying on the floor in a heap.

An audience of rowdy spectators waits for the trial to begin.

The crowd jeers as Joe is wheeled in in a cage.

A pumped-up BAILIFF in tights walks in with a microphone. He whips up the crowd like an announcer at a wrestling match:

BAILIFF
Are you ready for some JUSTIIIIIIIICE!

The crowd goes crazy.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
Because we've got a fag-talking retard who thinks we oughtta pay his hospital bills! Do you want to pay his hospital bills!?

CROWD
Hell, no!

Joe gets hit with a milkshake.

BAILIFF
I can't hear you!!!

ANGLE ON THE JURY BOX:

JURY
HELL, NO!!

The Judge enters. He is surprised and frightened by the noise of the courtroom. He bangs his gavel until everybody shuts up. When he speaks, he seems to be making up big-sounding words as he goes along. He has the stupid confidence of a man who's never encountered anyone smart enough to correct him.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE
Now since y'all
(rolls his eyes)
Say you ain't got no money, we have proprietarily obtained you one of them court-appointed lawyers.

Joe's lawyer enters. It's none other than Dizz, the fat guy who's apartment he crashed into.

JOE
You're my lawyer??

Dizz opens up a greasy paper bag and pulls out a bunch of crumpled, stained legal briefs. He looks them over.

DIZZ
So, uh... Says here you robbed a hospital. Why'd you do that?

JOE
I'm not guilty!

Dizz shakes his head.

DIZZ
That's not what the other lawyer said...

JOE
(exasperated)
What the other-- Listen! You've got to put me on the stand! I can explain everything! We can take them to your house and show them the pod I came in!

The Judge starts banging his gavel.

JUDGE
Y'all shut up, now! I'm fixing to commencerate this trial here!

Everyone shuts up.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Okay, then. We're gonna
(showing off the big word)
utilize the process of deliberation, examining the various puppitudes of this individual, and see if we can't come up with us a verdict up in here. Now, why you think he done it?

CONTINUED: (2)

The PROSECUTOR stands. He has a stoned/surfer accent. He's wearing a T-shirt that reads "Lawyers Do It in front of a judge"

PROSECUTOR
Okay, number one, your honor? Just look at him.

The whole courtroom boos and laughs at Joe.

PROSECUTOR (cont'd)
And B, we've got all this evidence about how, like, this guy, like, didn't pay at the hospital, okay? Like, six billion dollars? And I heard that he doesn't even have his tattoo. And I'm all... You got to be shitting me! But check it out, man. Judge should be like, Guilty! Peace! *

The prosecutor sits down, proud of himself as the crowd starts clapping. Joe looks around at everyone clapping and shouting at him.

JOE
Please! Let me explain what happened!

Dizz stands indignantly and slams his fists down on the table.

DIZZ
Objection!

The court quiets down. Everyone looks at Dizz. Joe is pleasantly surprised. A beat.

JUDGE
What're you objectifying on?

Dizz looks unsure for a moment.

JOE
(whispering to Dizz)
C'mon, just put me on the stand!

DIZZ
Okay. Yeah. Okay, your honor?... I object that this guy also broke my apartment!

JOE
What??

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIZZ
Yeah, your honor! And I object he's not gonna have any money to pay me after he pays for all the money he stole from the hospital.

JOE
Don't say I stole! You're my lawyer!

The crowd starts to boo Joe.

DIZZ
And I object he interrupted me when I was watching "Ow, my Balls!"

This is the last straw for the crowd -- they start throwing junk at Joe. Joe stands.

JOE
Okay, uh, your honor I think we have a mistrial or something!

DIZZ
I'm gonna mistrial my foot up your ass you don't shut up!

Everyone, including the judge, cracks up. The court is filled with gales of big, stupid laughter.

JOE
Please, listen!

PROSECUTOR
(crude Joe impersonation)
"Please, listen!"

The court cracks up again. Dizz leans over and high-fives the Prosecutor.

JOE
I didn't steal anything! I was part of an army experiment, hundreds of years ago. Something must've went wrong. There was a girl, too--

The crowd starts shouting Joe down.

The Judge scribbles some notes on a computerized OmniPal tablet and frowns at the results. Then he bangs on his gavel until he has silence.

JUDGE
Alright, easy everyone. Now, this sissified individual makes a bunch of good points, about the, uh, allegationisms of, uh, what transgressed at that particular time. So I believe...

Joe hangs on the Judge's every word.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Hmmm...

A long, tense beat. The Judge thinks, the court leans forward. Joe's future hangs in the balance.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
Hmmm...

The Judge stands. He paces, thinking intensely. He stops, his back to the court.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
My verdict...?

The Judge drops his pants.

ANGLE ON JUDGE'S ASS:

"GUILTY!!" Is scrawled across it.

The crowd explodes.

Joe miserably bangs his head on the table.

BAILIFF
He's going to...
(crowd joins in)
Priiiiiiiiisonnnnnnnn!!!!

Joe, miserable, looks at the screaming crowd.

Bailiffs grab Joe roughly and haul him off.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Joe is in line with his police escort. Various other people are in various lines getting passports, driver's licenses, etc.

JOE
What're we doing here?

COP
Gettin' your tattoo.

Joe is lead by a leash to what looks like a big ATM with a computer terminal mounted on it. It says "OmniPal E-Z ID" on it.

COMPUTER VOICE
Welcome to the identity processing program of America! Please insert your arm in the arm receptacle!

Joe slides his arm into a hole in the machine. His arm disappears into the machine up to his elbow. We hear the machine tighten its grip on Joe like a blood pressure machine -- he isn't going anywhere.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Thank you! Please speak your name as it appears on your current federal identity card, document number 2... 4... G... 3.

Joe looks totally puzzled.

JOE
I'm not sure if I have an identity card. But my name is--

COMPUTER VOICE
You have entered the name... NOT SURE. Is this correct, NOT SURE?

JOE
What? No! It's <u>not</u> correct!

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! "Not" is correct! Is "Sure" correct?

JOE
What?? No! No, it's not! Go back! Cancel! You've got the wrong name! My name is Joe <u>Bowers</u>! Not "Not Sure"--

COMPUTER VOICE
You have already confirmed your first name is "Not"! Please confirm your last name, "Sure"!

JOE
No! My last name is <u>not</u> "Sure"! I mean-- no, wait!

CONTINUED: (2)

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you, Not Sure! Your confirmation is complete! Please wait a minute while I tattoo your new identity on your arm!

Panicked, Joe tries to yank his arm out of the machine. It won't budge.

JOE
No! Stop! Give me my arm back!

COMPUTER VOICE
Hey, take it easy!

The machine begins tattooing Joe's arm. It's very painful. We hear loud buzzing sounds. Joe tries to pull his hand out to no avail.

ANGLE ON MONITOR:

A progress bar indicates Joe's tattoo is almost done.

As Joe screams and pummels the computer with his free hand, a camera flash goes off. We see a picture of Joe's face twisted in anger on the monitor with "Sure, Not" printed along with his height, eye color, fingerprints, etc. Like a driver's license.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)
Thank you, NOT SURE. Your identification file is now complete.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER

Another bland federal building.

COP
C'mon... Gotta get your IQ and appatude tests.

JOE
What for?

COP
To figure out what your appatude is good at and get you your jail job.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - LATER

Rows of people are sitting at testing stations wearing headphones .

CONTINUED:

They're doing dumb little tests like putting pegs into holes, matching colored blocks, touching their noses, etc. *

Joe is sitting at one of the testing stations, wearing a pair of headphones. Next to him, a guy is furiously trying to jam a round peg into a square hole. We hear the voice coming from Joe's headphones:

COMPUTER VOICE
If you have one bucket that holds two gallons and another bucket that holds five gallons, how many buckets do you have?

Joe looks confused, like it shouldn't be that easy, then leans towards a microphone.

JOE
Two?

INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY - MOVING

Joe sits in a bus full of the scariest degenerates you've ever seen.

EXT. PRISON YARD - LATER

The prisoners are herded off the bus and into the prison.

INT. PRISON - CHECK-IN - DAY

Joe is shoved into a room where PRISON GUARDS are preparing new inmates for life in prison -- they're taking their clothes, giving them uniforms and sending them into various lines -- Maximum Security, Minimum Security, Parole.

PRISON GUARD
'ttoo.

Joe holds out his hand. The Guard scans it.

PRISON GUARD (CONT'D)
Over there.

The Guard shoves Joe towards one of the lines.

JOE'S POV:

Out in the Prison Exercise Yard, a scary, angry 400-pound man is sitting, naked, on the ground.

CONTINUED:

His horrible folds of fat cover up what we can only assume are the world's most disgusting genitals.

A closer look reveals that he is actually sitting on the face of some poor bastard trapped beneath him. The trapped man's legs kick futilely.

Joe stares in disbelief at this horrific image. The man catches Joe looking, points to the guy below him and clearly mouths "You're next."

Joe recoils.

Joe is now at the front of the line, looking panicked. He's about to be sent off to lockdown. Desperate and terrified, he gets an idea.

JOE
(to guard, tentative)
Uh, actually... I'm getting <u>out</u> of prison today?

A beat. The guard just stares at Joe, trying hard to process this... then smacks Joe upside the head.

PRISON GUARD 2
You're in the wrong line, dumbass!

JOE
Yeah, uh... I'm a big dumbass. Sorry.

The guard grabs Joe, buzzes him through a security gate, then shoves him into the "parole" line. *

A third guard scans Joe's UPC and checks his computer terminal.

PRISON GUARD 3
Uh.... Uh, yeah. I don't see you in here, so you're gonna have to, uh, stay in prison.

JOE
Could you check again? 'Cause I was, like, definitely in prison.
(points off)
That guy sat on my face and everything.

The guard looks off, then looks down at his terminal, getting confused. The guard concentrates very hard, looking for Joe's name.

After a beat, Joe takes off running. Everyone just watches him go.

Alarms start going off like crazy.

Everyone just keeps standing around. The guards look confused and frightened.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Joe is running as fast as he ever has. He seems to have put some distance between himself and the cops. But as he runs past some kind of vending machine, we see an infrared beam silently scan his UPC.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Joe stops for a moment, totally out of breath. He looks up and recognizes a familiar billboard -- the Carltons Cigarettes ad. He then notices his pod through the broken window of Dizz's apartment.

INT. DIZZ'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dizz is sitting in front of the TV in his La-Z-John, eating marshmallowy goop with his hands from a giant tub labeled "FOOD". *

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
You're watching The Masturbation Network. America's number one network for 300 years!

ANGLE ON DIZZ'S FACE:

The TV starts pumping out some primitive boot-knocking jam. Dizz settles in, gets comfortable. The mood is broken by a loud knock on the door.

DIZZ
Go 'way! 'Bating!

The knocking keeps going. Dizz gets up, not happy, and opens the door.

Joe runs in, slams the door and pulls down the shades. He looks around, totally paranoid.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Hey, get out of here!

JOE
No way! You just let me, an innocent man, get thrown into jail!

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
Yeah, well... you broke my house.

JOE
Yeah, well... I could have you disbarred. Then maybe you'd go to jail for not having money.

Dizz looks scared.

DIZZ
Really?

JOE
Okay look, you're the only person I know. You gotta help me.

DIZZ
So, what do you want me to do?

JOE
Well, I've been thinking -- it's been a thousand years, someone's gotta have invented a way to travel back in time by now. I mean, I think they were pretty close, even back in my day. Something with Einstein or something?

DIZZ
Huh?

JOE
You know, like a time machine?

DIZZ
Uhhhhhh....

Joe looks around, from Dizz's slack face, to the tub of "Food", to the TV. He slumps against the wall.

JOE
I guess that was too much to hope for.

DIZZ
Oh, no, they got a time machine.

JOE
They do? Are you sure? Can it take me back to 2003?

CONTINUED: (2)

DIZZ
Yeah, but it's like really expensive and it breaks all the time? Cuz some guy made it a long time ago?

JOE
I don't care, you've gotta take me there.

DIZZ
Look, I supersize with you, but didn't you go to jail for not having any money?

Joe is stumped. Then, a brainstorm!

JOE
Okay, how about this? You get me to the time machine, and when I get back home, I open a savings account in your name. 1000 years later, it'll be worth billions!

Dizz stares at Joe blankly.

JOE (CONT'D)
Cuz of the interest. You'll have billions of dollars!

DIZZ
I like money. How many billions?

JOE
(making it up)
Uh... Like, ten!

DIZZ
Time machine costs 20.

JOE
Okay, then... 30! 30 billion dollars!

Dizz chews it over.

DIZZ
So if I had 30 and the time machine cost 20... What's the minus of 20 and 30?

JOE
It's, uh...
(seeing an opportunity)
Well, that's 80 billion dollars, Dizz. That's a mighty big minus.

CONTINUED: (3)

DIZZ
Yeah. I like money.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

COP (O.S.)
Police! Open the door! We're looking for an escaped individual, goes by the name, "Not Sure"!

Dizz looks at Joe, then at the door, unsure of what to do.

JOE
(whispering)
80 billion.

A beat.

DIZZ
He's, uh... Somewhere else.

COP (O.S.)
A coke machine in the vicinity caught his 'ttoo, seemed to be heading for this domicile.

DIZZ
Well, uh... you can't come in.

COP (O.S.)
Can too!

The cops start smashing down the door. Dizz and Joe look at the broken window.

DIZZ
Let's go get my money.

The two of them jump out the window just as the cops kick the door in.

EXT. DIZZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dizz and Joe land hard on the street and run towards Dizz's car. They get in the car. Dizz starts it up.

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay, there's just one more thing. We gotta go find this girl first.

DIZZ
Uh... Um... Is she hot?

JOE
Um, yeah actually, she's not bad. But--

DIZZ
Cuz that wasn't really part of the deal.

A cop jumps out the window and starts running towards the car.

JOE
Okay, I'll throw in another ten billion, just go!

Dizz hits the gas. They peel out.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dizz's electric car turns a corner. We hear sirens approaching in the distance.

JOE
Okay, her pod is up here on the right, so she shouldn't be too far away... I hope...

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SAME TIME

Horny Guy negotiates with Rita.

HORNY GUY
So when are we gonna do it? 'Cause you said 10,000 dollars an hour, and it's been, like, three days?

RITA
Oh, yeah, soon baby. Why don't you come back tomorrow?

The guy peels off a bunch of 10,000 bills.

HORNY GUY
Yeah, yeah, baby, cuz when I finally ut-i-lize you, you gonna be payin' me.

The guy leaves.

RITA (cont'd)
(calling off)
And you're still on the clock!

Dizz's car comes around a corner. Joe calls out.

CONTINUED:

JOE (O.S.)
Rita! It's me, Joe.

RITA
Huh? Ohhh yeah. What--

JOE
Get in the car! Quick!

RITA
What the hell's going on anyway? What happened to--?

Police sirens get louder.

JOE
I'll explain everything later, just get in the car!

Rita jumps in the car and Dizz takes off.

INT. DIZZ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dizz takes off as fast as he can. The sirens get louder. Rita notices, as the cops turn the corner, now only a block away.

RITA
Wait a minute...You've got cops after you?!

JOE
Yeah.

RITA
And you made me get in the car?! I got two strikes asshole!

JOE
I'm just trying to help you!

RITA
Help me? What'd you do to get cops after you?!

DIZZ
He robbed a hospital.

JOE
No I didn't! *

DIZZ
Oh yeah. He also escaped from jail.

CONTINUED:

The cops are gaining on them.

JOE
Come on! Step on the gas Dizz!

DIZZ
What's "gas?"

JOE
Just go faster!

Suddenly another HUGE DUST STORM blows in, completely obscuring their view. Dizz turns a corner and manages to lose the cops in all the dust.

INT. DIZZ'S CAR - LATER

The dust clears. Dizz's electric car putters through the city streets. We hear sirens fade in the distance. Joe looks around cautiously as Rita freaks out in the back seat.

RITA
It's been a thousand years?! Upgrayed's gonna kill me! He gets mad when I'm a day late with his money.

JOE
Your boyfriend?

RITA
Ah... he's sort of a manager too.

JOE
Well, if you owed him money, you don't have to worry Rita, he's been dead hundreds of years.

RITA
But you said there's a time machine!

JOE
Yeah, there's a time machine now, not back then.

RITA
You don't know Upgrayed. Upgrayed don't care where the time machine is -- now, then, last week -- he'll find a way to come get me.

JOE
I don't think you understand--

CONTINUED:

Rita pulls a wad of bills out of her bra.

RITA (CONT'D)
I promised him I'd only be gone a year. I've gotta get this back to him.

Joe picks up the money and looks at it.

The $10,000 bill looks like a garish, over-detailed Master P album cover. In the center is a long-haired former president with his arms around two bikini girls, a 40 in each hand, and a giant dollar sign gold necklace. Various slogans are plastered around: "Ten Thousand Bucks", "That's what I'm talkin' about", "Gettin' Paid", "Haulin' Ass".

JOE
I'm not sure this money is going to be good back in 2003.

Rita laughs knowingly, snatches the money back.

RITA
I'll let you tell that to Upgrayed... Damn! A thousand years? What happened?

JOE
I don't know... Maybe they just forgot about us...

Joe just shakes his head, sadly. *

Joe (cont'd)
Everyone must've forgotten about us...

DIZZ
That's bad, man. Really supersize with you.

Joe leans his arm out the window.

ANGLE ON Joe'S TATTOO:

As they pass an ATM machine, a light scans across Joe's UPC tattoo.

Dizz's dashboard computer comes to life.

COMPUTER VOICE
Dizz Jeeter! You are harboring a fugitive by the name of Not Sure!

Joe's mug shot appears on the monitor.

CONTINUED: (2)

COMPUTER VOICE
Please pull over and wait for the police to incarcerate your passenger! Thank you for your help!

The car starts to slow down.

JOE
What are you doing?

DIZZ
It shut off my battery.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dizz, Joe and Rita abandon the stalled car and take off running across the street towards the first place they see -- a fancy nightclub.

DIZZ
Come on! We can hide in there!

Joe, Rita and Dizz try to blend into the line leading into the club. Inside, futuristically hip people are dancing and having a great time.

As the line moves forward, we see it leads up to a ROBO BOUNCER ("Powered by OmniPal!") who scans each person's UPC and looks them up and down before admitting them into the club.

The ROBO BOUNCER scans a guy's hand. It speaks in the same familiar Computer Voice.

ROBO BOUNCER
You are too...
(hard-drive whirring)
POOR and UGLY to enter!

The guy shuffles off. The bouncer scans a girl's hand.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You are too... FLAT CHESTED to enter!

The girl looks shocked and hurt.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
Hey, take it easy!

Joe, Dizz and Rita are next in line. Joe puts out his hand, then realizes, and tries to pull it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Oh, shit, what am I doing?

ROBO BOUNCER
You are too... WANTED BY THE POLICE!
Please wait here for incarceration!

They take off running. A guy gets his hand scanned.

ROBO BOUNCER (CONT'D)
You are too... DARK SKINNED to enter!

DOWN THE STREET:

Joe, Rita, Dizz hear a big noise. They turn and look down the street in horror as the police converge on Dizz's car and start blasting away at it with guns. *

The cops, dumb-looking and incredibly well-armed, are totally indiscriminate -- shoulder-mounted missiles are straying into apartment buildings, etc.

One cop has his shoulder-mounted missile on backwards. It fires out the back, goes straight up -- after a beat, a plane crashes in the background.

People get excited by the violence. They start cheering the cops on. Random fights start breaking out.

Joe Rita, and Dizz run for their lives. They manage to put a couple blocks between them and the police.

EXT. STREET - SUNRISE

They round a corner, haggard. They are under a badly designed, unfinished freeway overpass -- way too many levels, piles of unused hardened concrete, etc.

RITA
How much further is it?

DIZZ
A few miles I think.

Rita sags, Joe leans against the side of pillar, rubbing his head, squinting at the early morning sun.

JOE
Oh man. I'm still groggy. 1000 years of sleep... Boy, I could really go for a Starbucks.

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
Yeah, well, I don't think we got time for a handjob right now.

Joe and Rita look at each other, confused.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Anyway, Walmart's up there, they got a shuttle that'll take us right near the time machine.

Dizz points to a mind-bogglingly gigantic Walmart surrounded by a shantytown of homeless people.

Joe and Dizz take off running towards the Walmart.

EXT. WALMART - MOMENTS LATER *

Joe, Dizz and Rita make their way towards the front gate. As they get there, they see 20 cops pull up. They quickly try to disappear into the crowd of beggars. Joe and Dizz push through the mob of starving homeless people clamoring to get in.

JOE
I can't let them see my tattoo, so you pay for us, okay?

DIZZ
Uh, okay.

Dizz's runs his hand over a scanner next to the front entrance.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
Three.

COMPUTER VOICE
Dizz Jeeter! You were harboring a fugitive today! Are you still harboring a fugitive?

Dizz looks nervous.

JOE
(whispering)
Say, "no"!

DIZZ
Uh... no.

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! Do you know the whereabouts of fugitive Not Sure?

DIZZ
Uh... No?

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you!

The three enter through the automatic revolving door.

As they exit, a feeble, elderly lady approaches the entrance on her walker. She scans her UPC.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Velveeta Jordan! Have you seen any dangerous criminals in the vicinity?

VELVEETA
Well... I'm not sure...

COMPUTER VOICE
Thank you! You are "Not Sure"! You are a wanted criminal!

Suddenly, the revolving door clamps shut, trapping Velveeta inside.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)
Please step away from the criminal while I notify authorities! Sorry for the inconvenience!

The frightened old woman starts banging on the glass.

We HOLD on the revolving door as several cops hack it open with axes.

COP
Yeah! We got him!

The cops grab Velveeta, roughly throw her to the ground, and hog-tie her.

INT. WALMART - MAIN ROOM

Joe, Rita and Dizz walk into a huge marketplace. It stretches the length of several football fields. It has everything from TVs to herds of goats. It is lit mostly by a huge rotted-out hole in the ceiling.

CONTINUED:

They jog by the GREETER on their way to the main shopping area.

GREETER
(rote)
Welcome to Walmart, I love you.

JOE
(uncomfortable)
Um... Thanks.

As other patrons enter

GREETER
Welcome to Walmart, I love you...
Welcome to Walmart, I love you...

DIZZ
Shuttle bus is over near electronics.
It's 'bout a half a mile from here.

INT. WALMART - LATER

Joe, Rita and Dizz are still running through Walmart. We see many shops within shops. They pass a "Yogurt, My Ass!" franchise, and a "Starbucks Exotic Coffee for Men" with a line of guys out the door. A sign reads, "Latte, $2000. *'Extra Foam'* $500,000,000." Scantily-clad baristas help customers.

Dizz slows down, out of breath.

JOE
We've been running forever. How much further is it?

DIZZ
'Bout half a mile.

RITA
That's what you said an hour ago! Are you sure you know where we're going?

DIZZ
Yeah, I know this place pretty good. I went to law school here.

JOE
In Walmart?

DIZZ
Yep. Got a fart scholarship.

CONTINUED:

RITA
A what?

DIZZ
Fart scholarship. Took the fart team to nationals in '68. 'Course that was when I was in shape. I gotta slow down. *

They slow to a walk.

INT. WALMART - A LITTLE LATER

Joe, Rita and Dizz walk through a huge appliance area.

DIZZ
Why do you guys wanna go back so bad? When I studied history in school, they said the past was stupid.

JOE
Well maybe it was, but at least I wasn't wanted by the police...
(wistful)
I also had a pension coming, and a pretty nice girlfriend who probably died thinking I stood her up...

RITA
Well, I got no choice. Upgrayed's gonna be so pissed off if I don't get back.

JOE
Rita, I'm not sure you understand this completely--

RITA
No, I don't think you understand.

INT. WALMART - SHUTTLE STOP - DAY

They arrive at the shuttle stop.

DIZZ
Shuttle comes every few minutes. Shouldn't be too long.

RITA
Do I have time to use the bathroom?

Dizz starts laughing stupidly. Rita rolls her eyes.

RITA
I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rita leaves,(back in the direction they came from) Joe and Dizz wait. Dizz checks her out. *

DIZZ
(hornily)
Mmmm. She's hot. You mind if I hit that? I like having sex with chicks.

JOE
I think everyone does, Dizz.

DIZZ
Yeah, but I like it a lot. Ooooh...

Joe looks on, kind of disturbed, as Dizz breaks into a weird booty dance, making an embarrassing, primitive sex face.

DIZZ (CONT'D)
(filthy)
Aw, yeah!!

The dance goes on a couple beats beyond what is funny. People start to look.

JOE
Dizz... Cut it out! You're gonna get us caught!

As Joe waves his hand, trying to get Dizz to stop, we see a TV in the furniture section scan Joe's tattoo. All the TVs come to life.

COMPUTER VOICE
Warning! OmniPal has detected a dangerous fugitive near Walmart shuttle stop 5C! *

JOE
Dammit! Come on, let's get Rita!

Joe and Dizz take off towards Rita, but then they see cop cars -- indoors -- heading from that direction straight for them, blocking their path to the bathrooms. They stop.

The shuttle pulls up. The doors open. Joe takes a step towards the shuttle, then stops.

JOE
Dammit! What do we do now?! We can't just leave her here...

On all the TVs in the furniture section, the bad picture of Joe from the ID machine appears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd) *
The fugitive goes by the name Not Sure, and is described as "a fag." Free Starbucks gift certificate to whoever apprehends him! *

Suddenly, 100s of guys snap to attention and start looking all over for him. Joe keeps his head down, trying not to be noticed. The shuttle is about to leave, as the last few people get on. Joe is torn.

JOE
Damn! If we go get her it's suicide. If we wait for her, we miss the shuttle, and I'm busted for sure...
(gets an idea)
Wait, I know... How 'bout we go to the time machine. Then, when I get back to the past, I could just tell Rita not to do the experiment. Then she won't even be here. That'll work, right?

Dizz stares at Joe, looking like he's about to have a mental hernia trying to wrap his mind around this.

JOE
But wait a minute, she <u>is</u> here so... that means I didn't go back in time?

DIZZ
Uuh...

Sirens get closer. A guy recognizes Joe and starts yelling.

JOE
Okay, no, wait. I just haven't done it yet. Right? So I'll go back, tell her not to do the experiment, then I won't have to do it either, because I won't have to come here and rescue her if she's not... no, wait a second...

DIZZ
Uuh... Cops?

We now see the cop cars closing in.

JOE
But... Wait, maybe I already did go back and told her not to do it and she disappeared, but I just didn't see it... But then...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE (contíd)
what am I still doing here?... Did I come back for another... At any point did you notice two of me?

Joe clutches his head, collapsing under the weight of the concept, as the sirens converge.

JOE (CONT'D)
Dammit, how does this time travel work?!

The shuttle leaves. The cops pile out of their cars.

Joe and Dizz start to run, but it's no use. The cops grab Joe, and throw him into the back of a squad car.

Joe calls out desperately:

JOE (CONT'D)
Rita!!!

Dizz presents more of a problem to the cops -- he tries to get under a nearby cop car, rolling around in the dirt, totally undignified. The cops drag him out and throw him in a different car.

ANGLE ON THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM: Rita comes out just in time to see the cop cars pulling away with Joe and Dizz. She watches, a little scared. A cop starts to glance her way. Before he can see her, she ducks behind a couch.

RITA
Damn...

INT. SQUAD CAR

Joe is in the back seat. Two COPS sit up front.

JOE
Can I just--

COP
That's enough of your bullshit, sir.

One of the Cops leans over and casually Maces Joe. He recoils, rubbing his eyes and screaming in pain.

COP (CONT'D)
(looks at computer screen)
Alright, says here we're supposed to take this alleged individual... To the White House?!

COP 2
Hunh?

CONTINUED:

COP
Yeah. Says The president wants to see him.

Joe barely manages to crack his burned eyes open in surprise.

JOE
The President?

The Cop brandishes the Mace.

COP
Sir, I'm not telling you again.

Joe flinches.

EXT. THE WHITE HOUSE

The same White House, but with graffiti all over it, a casino attached, a bunch of junked cars on the grass, and a Presidential limo up on blocks.

A bunch of girls in bikinis lay out in the yard. The cop car pulls up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rita walks out of the Walmart. She stops a passing guy.

RITA
Excuse me, could you tell me where the, ah, time machine is.

The guy looks her up and down.

GUY
Baby, I got a time machine in my pants.

RITA
Great.

Rita keeps walking. The guy calls off to her.

GUY
Yeah baby, and it's even bigger than the one at the Science Center.

RITA
(to herself)
Science Center?

INT. OVAL OFFICE

Joe is shoved roughly into the room. There are three cabinet members -- ATTORNEY GENERAL, a Chyna type, SECRETARY OF DEFENSE, A Hispanic bouncer-looking guy, and SECRETARY OF STATE, a 14-year-old boy. They all wear shorts and outfits that look like Wal-Mart Halloween costumes with themes based on their jobs. *

JOE
Wait a minute. I'm the smartest guy in the world? Says who?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
That IQ test you took in prison. You got the highest score in history.

14 YEAR OLD
Yeah, dumbass. That's how come President Camacho's makin' you Secretary of Interior. Cuz you're so smart. I'm the Secretary of State, that's the Secretary of Defense and she's the Attorney General.

JOE
Look, this has got to be some kind of mistake. That test was too easy. I am not the smartest guy in the world.

Joe takes in the dull faces of the Cabinet Members, Dizz, the Cops, the official oil portrait of the current president on the wall with a bad haircut and a Captain-America looking outfit, making a stupid heavy metal face.

Joe (cont'd)
Okay, even if that's true, I can't be Secretary of Interior! I don't even know what that is!

The Cop advances on Joe, brandishing his mace.

COP
Sir, I'm not gonna tell you again. *

A SECRET SERVICE GUY wearing only black tights, sunglasses, and an earpiece, grabs the cop and does an atomic pile driver on him. Joe backs away, shaken.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO enters with a couple of groupies. He whispers to them to wait outside, something about having to "take care of some bi'ness baby." They take off his coat a la James Brown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
So where's my new Secretary of Interior?

Everyone points to Joe. Camacho walks over to Joe, towering over him.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
So you're smart, huh?
(sizes him up)
I thought your head would be bigger.

The deposed FORMER SECRETARY OF INTERIOR enters, furious. He's built like a bouncer.

FORMER SECRETARY
Where is he?!? Where's the little pencil-dick that took my job?!
(points at Joe)
Is that him??

The Former Secretary rips off his shirt and charges at Joe. Secret Service agents restrain him with various wrestling holds.

Joe, terrified, hops on a table, dodging the mass of bodies. The 14-year-old Secretary of the State starts crying.

JOE
I'm sorry! I'm Sorry! I don't even want the job!

The Cop charges at Joe again.

COP
Alright, that's it! You're going down!

The Secretary of Defense clotheslines the Cop, causing him to mace Former Secretary full in the face. Former Secretary screams, flailing his huge arms.

Former Secretary, blinded, manages to throw off the secret service and comes at Joe. Former Secretary falls on the table, smashing it and sending Joe to the ground. Camacho runs up and kicks Former Secretary in the gut. He goes down and stays down.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Yeah!

As the melee continues, Joe seizes the opportunity and makes a beeline for the door. A cop steps between Joe and the exit, brandishing a giant, scary-looking gun.

CONTINUED: (2)

COP
I can't let you do that, Secretary Not Sure.

The fight stops. Camacho cold-cocks Former Secretary for good measure.

JOE
Look, I don't understand. I don't wanna be Secretary of the Interior, why are you making me?

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Cuz you're the smartest guy in the world. And we got all these problems
(yelling down at Former Secretary)
that this asshole couldn't fix!

Camacho kicks him again for good measure.

JOE
What problems?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
All the crops be dying for some reason, and people are running out of food and shit and there's all these dust storms which caused that garbage abulanche and the economy's all bad and shit.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Yeah, and it's really hurting me in the polls.

JOE
But I don't know how to be a secretary of anything. I've never even voted!

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Well you better start votin' or whatever you gotta do to figure this shit out, before I kick your smart balls all the way up the roof of your smart mouth.

Joe backs away, scared.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Ah I'm just fuckin' wi' ya... But seriously, you better solve that shit. If you solve it, I'll get you a full presidential pardon. If you don't, you're goin' back to prison. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Camacho starts to leave, stops by the door.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
(to secret service, re: Joe)
Watch him. He's smart. He's important too, so if he tries to leave shoot him.

Camacho leaves.

The cabinet members all stare at Joe for a beat, slackjawed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Do something smart.

JOE
Uh, well... I think it would be pretty smart if you guys could get my lawyer, Dizz, here because... well, he's really good at figuring stuff out... and stuff.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Hmmm... okay.

Various cabinet members nod.

JOE
And also, there's this girl named Rita. You think you could bring her here too?

14-YEAR-OLD
(suspicious)
Why?

JOE
(trying to come up with something)
Uh... Well...uh, you know...

The cabinet members mistake his hesitation for innuendo, immediately getting the wrong idea. They start laughing like idiots and doing the finger-in-hole gesture. The 14-year-old gets so excited he busts out into an R. Kelly style song.

14-YEAR-OLD
(singing)
Secretary Not Sure gonna uuuu-ti-liiiiiize a girl named Ri-taaaaa. They gonna have interco-o-o-ourse in a sexual wa-a-a-a-a-ay!

Joe goes along with it.

CONTINUED: (4)

JOE
Yeah. Alright. So you can bring her here, right?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
(filthy)
Ooooh yeah... Butt first!

All the Cabinet Members laugh and high-five the Secretary of Defense. Joe joins in weakly.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN' - SENATE FLOOR - NIGHT

Congresspersons are having a raucous good time greeting each other -- slapping each other on the back, throwing gang signals, etc.

Joe is escorted to a seat by his guards.

The lights dim and the crowd falls into an excited hush.

The room begins to fill with dry ice smoke.

Strobe lights start flashing in time with heavy techno jock-jam music... Which leads into an all-out light show.

Laker Girl-looking Dancers run out into the middle of this. The spotlight hits them and they start freaking each other in a way that skirts bad taste.

The President struts out, waving a towel over his head. After a few "Hell yeah"s, he calms the crowd down and begins to read his speech off a Teleprompter.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Shit.

ANGLE ON the Teleprompter. It reads, "Shit.." It scrolls down, "I know shit's...

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
I know shit's bad right now. With all that starving bullshit. But I got a solution.

The crowd starts to get ugly.

CONGRESSMAN 1
That's what you said last time dipshit!

CONTINUED:

CONGRESSMAN 2
I got a solution. YOU'RE A DICK!!!
(claiming)
South Carolina! What's up!

The crowd cheers. People start firing guns in the air. ANGLE ON Joe looking terrified.

Fed up, President Camacho reaches down and pulls out an even HUGER SCARIER GUN, fires a couple warning shots in the air. The crowd quickly shuts up.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
(cocky)
That's what I thought... Now I understand everyone's shit's emotional right now. But listen up. I got a three point plan to fix everything. Number one, we got this guy Not Sure,

Joe appears live on the jumbotron.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Number two, he's smarter than anyone in history, and number three, he's gonna fix everything! I give you my word as President! *

The crowd starts to rally. Joe looks uneasy.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
He'll fix the starvation! And that ain't all...
(Jimmy Swaggart rhythm)
I give you my word, he's gonna fix the crops too! And I give you my word, he's gonna fix the dust storms!

ANGLE ON JUMBOTRON: Joe tries to interrupt, weakly raising a hand, but he's ignored. The crowd is eating this up.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
He's gonna fix the economy! He's gonna fix the abulanches! He's gonna fix the problems with the cars! Ladies and gentleman, the new Secretary of the Interior, NOT SUUUUUURE! *

The crowd goes wild, starts shooting guns in the air. President Camacho feeding off their enthusiasm, picks up his even huger gun and starts enthusiastically spraying the ceiling with bullets.

CONTINUED: (2)

The jumbotron, with Joe's terrified face, gets hit with a bullet, and explodes like that scene from "The Natural."

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd files out. Joe comes out, still surrounded by Secret Service Guards. Dizz is brought to him.

DIZZ
Congratulations man. I didn't know you were smart. Shit, they got me a room in the White House! Everyone gets laid at the White House. Everyone.

Joe leans in to Dizz.

JOE
Look, I'm glad you're happy about it, but I brought you here cuz I need your help. I don't know what he's talking about. I can't solve all these problems. I want you to draw me a map to the time machine and leave it in my coat pocket. You got that?

DIZZ
Uuh...

JOE
You still want that money don't you?

DIZZ
Oooh yeah. Man if I had money and a room at the White House...

Dizz starts going into his filthy booty dance and making vulgar noises. Joe stops him.

JOE
(whisper)
Cut it out. I told everyone you were really smart, so act smart okay?

DIZZ
Smart? You mean like you?
(whiney, uptight, overly effeminate imitation of Joe)
"Get me back to the time machine so I can see my girlfriend. She thinks I stood her up..."

JOE
I don't sound like that.

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
(whiney, annoying)
"I don't sound like that."

A guard turns around, kind of surprised.

GUARD
Shit, I thought there were two of you.

EXT. SCIENCE CENTER - DAY

It's similar to the Seattle Science center -- kind of like a huge college campus, but for dumbasses.

Rita looks for the time machine. She heads up some steps into what looks like it could be the Smithsonian. We PULL OUT to reveal she is heading into THE NATIONAL FART MUSEUM.

INT. NATIONAL FART MUSEUM - DAY

Rita wanders through, looking for the time machine. There are dioramas of cavemen hunting, T-rex skeletons, recreations of the Apollo moon landing, abstract sculpture. All the displays have one thing in common: a continuous audio track of various farts.

Rita passes a kindergarten class being led on a tour, then up to a diorama featuring a life-size stuffed wolly mammoth. She sees a button down below the glass and pushes it. A LONG, LOW FART is heard.

Rita shakes her head and keeps walking. Suddenly, she's grabbed by a bunch of Secret Service cops.

RITA
What the hell?!

COP
You're coming with us!

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Various Cabinet members around the conference table. Dizz is there, too. Joe is led in by his guards. He's pushed into a chair a little more roughly than is necessary.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Oh good. He's here.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
So did you solve all the problems yet?

CONTINUED:

JOE
Ah... Well, no.

The cabinet members are all stunned and annoyed.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
What?! Why not?!

JOE
Well... I just got here yesterday. I've been in my room all night. The guards wouldn't let me go anywhere.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Oh man. President Camacho is definitely gonna be pissed off.

JOE
Well, what does he expect? It's gonna... take some time.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
I think he said one week.

JOE
What?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
He did a press conference this morning, and told everyone you'd have everything solved in one week -- starvation, crops, the economy, the dust storms, the garbage ab-ulanches, and a bunch other stuff. *

14-YEAR-OLD
You better get on that. It's already been like four days.

JOE
No it hasn't!

14-YEAR-OLD
Well that's what he told everyone.

JOE
So you guys are saying I've got three days to solve all the country's problems? The starvation, the dust, the... ab-u-lanches? Or I go back to prison? *

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Yep. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Overwhelmed, Joe clutches his head miserably, then gets an idea.

JOE
Well, if I'm gonna solve your starvation problem, maybe I should have a look at some of these dying crops. Especially the ones by the ah... Science Center?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Joe's guards escort him to his room. A cop approaches.

GUARD
Mr. Secretary, we found that whore you wanted.

JOE
Okay, maybe that's what you guys call women in the future, but ah...

GUARD
No, sir, turns out she's wanted for unlicensed whoring.

JOE
Yeah well, they arrested me for stealing. I wouldn't put too much faith in your legal system. She's an artist. *

GUARD
Yeah, she charged some guy a bunch of money and didn't put out. That could get her ten years. Don't worry though, we can get her a temporary whoring license as long as you're doing her. Cuz you're Government.

They arrive outside Joe's room where the cops are waiting with Rita.

RITA
Joe?!

GUARD
It's Not Sure ma'am. Secretary Not Sure.

RITA
Secretary? Secretary of what?

JOE
Ah, would you guys mind if Rita and I talked in the room. Alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
(disappointed)
Oh really? Cuz we were kind of hoping we could all go family style on her.

JOE
Ah, no thanks. I just like it, you know, regular.

GUARD
Oh, alright. We'll just listen then. Go ahead.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Rita sits on the bed, Joe paces. They talk in hushed tones.

RITA
So if neither of us can leave, how'll we ever get to the time machine?

JOE
Well, the only way they'll let me go is if I solve all their problems -- the economy, world hunger, dust storms, garbage ab-u -- I'm sorry -- *avalanches...*

RITA
So what are you gonna do?

JOE
I'm thinking we'll escape. Trust me, you don't wanna go to jail here.

RITA
Sounds good to me. Shouldn't be too hard to escape, 'cuz I don't know if it's just me or what, but these future-ass motherfuckers don't seem too bright.

The Guard yells from outside the door.

GUARD (O.S.)
(harsh)
Come on already!

Joe lowers his voice.

JOE
I'm really sorry but, just so they don't get suspicious, maybe I should just ah, well... here...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe sits on the bed, starts gently bouncing up and down, making a SQUEAKING NOISE.

GUARD (O.S.)
Yeah! It's about time! *

JOE
(quietly)
By the way, don't worry, I'll sleep on the floor. You can have the bed.

Joe keeps bouncing a little faster.

GUARD (O.S.)
Come on! You can do better than that. Don't make me come in there!

Joe bounces a little faster and nervously improvises some lame sex noises.

JOE
(stilted)
Yeah... This is great!

Rita rolls her eyes, pushes Joe out of the way and takes charge, bouncing enthusiastically and improvising various filthy sounds.

Joe backs away, impressed, turned on and a little scared.

Outside, we hear the guards CHEER.

GUARD (O.S.)
That's what I'm talkin' about!

EXT. CROPS - THE NEXT DAY

Joe, Rita, Dizz, Joe's Guards and Cabinet Members stand at the edge of a HUGE FUTURISTIC WHEAT FARM, with automated watering systems, automated plows etc. Joe looks on at the shrivelled up dead plants, pestilence-ravaged, with flies and parasites buzzing everywhere. It's bleak.

JOE
Boy ah... Yeah, that sucks...

Joe discreetly looks down at his pocket, sees the folded map from Dizz.

JOE
Hey ah, I need to go to the bathroom, and, uh... Rita does too. We'll just go behind those bushes. If that's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD
(lecherous)
Aw, yeah! I get it!

The cabinet all start laughing like idiots, doing the juvenile finger-in-hole gesture, as Joe and Rita head across the field to some bushes, in a ravine.

Rita and Joe reach a place where they can't be seen.

BEHIND THE BUSHES:

Joe pulls the map out of his pocket and unfolds it. It's incredibly crude and useless, like a 3-year-old would draw: a big box in the corner says "time masheen". There's no scale, directionals, or any other markings.

JOE
Aw, Damnit! Way to go, Dizz...

Joe throws it down in frustration.

RITA
Maybe we should just make a run for it -- ask for directions.

JOE
I don't think that's a good idea. We can't take any chances. My face was all over national TV. There's no way I'm going back to that jail.

Joe has a QUICK FLASHBACK, like a Vietnam flashback of the 400 pound guy sitting on the guy's face.

JOE
Dammit!... Okay, we'll go back, I'll get a better map. Next chance we get, we'll make a run for it.

RITA
What if we don't get another chance?.. Boy, I better find Upgrayed before he finds me.

JOE
Upgrayed <u>can't</u> find you! Okay? It's <u>impossible</u>.

RITA
Oh, you think so? Let me tell you a story. I ran off to Buffalo once, didn't tell no one where I was going.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA (contíd)
I check into a motel, the phone rings--
BAM! It's Upgrayed.

JOE *
Yeah, that was a thousand years ago!
Just trust me. You're safe.

RITA
(starting to believe)
You really think so?

JOE
Yes... And I know it's none of my business, but when we get back, you and Upgrayed should think about couples counseling. And maybe you should get an art manager who's not your boyfriend.

Just then, the GUARDS come running through the bushes, into the ravine.

GAURD
Hey! You were supposed to be doing her!

JOE
Ah.. I was. We finished already.

Beat.

GAURD
(suspicious)
You sure?

RITA
(playing along)
Yeah... He was great.

The Guard puts away his gun.

GAURD
Alright let's get back.

They start heading back. Suddenly, the automated sprinkler system comes on.

Joe looks at the drops on his arms, notices they're green.

JOE
What is this?

RITA
(tasting it)
Is it that gatorade stuff?

CONTINUED: (3)

They look up and see a giant tank/water-tower with the Rauncho logo. It says "RAUNCHO'S GOT WHAT PLANTS CRAVE," and "WITH *ELECTROLYTES.*" *

RITA
They're watering plants with that shit?

Joe looks around, sees acres and acres of crops being watered with Rauncho, getting an idea.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joe meets with the CABINET MEMBERS. He looks frustrated, like this has been going on a while. *

JOE
Once again, I'm pretty sure all that Rauncho stuff might be what's killing the plants.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
But Rauncho's got what plants crave. It's got electrolytes.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
(thinking painfully hard)
So wait a minute... You're saying you want us to put water on the crops? *Water*? Like out of the toilet?

JOE
It doesn't have to be from the toilet, but yes, that's the idea.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Okay, but Rauncho's got what plants crave.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
It's got electrolytes.

JOE
Look, your plants aren't growing. So I'm pretty sure the Rauncho's not working. Now I'm no botanist, but I do know that if you put water on plants they grow.

14-YEAR-OLD
Like from the toilet?

JOE
Look, you want to solve this problem, I want to get my pardon.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JOE (contíd)
So why don't we try it, and stop worrying about what "plants crave."

ATTORNEY GENERAL
(helpful)
Rauncho's got what plants crave.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Yeah, it's like the commercial says, "Plants work hard, and they need a drink that works hard."

14-YEAR-OLD
Oh, and it's got electrolytes.

Joe's about to lose it.

JOE
What <u>are</u> electrolytes?! Does anyone even know?!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
They're what's in Rauncho.

JOE
But what <u>are</u> they?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
They're what they use to make Rauncho.

JOE
But <u>why</u> do they use them to make Rauncho?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Cuz Rauncho's got electrolytes. *

Joe has had it. *

JOE
Alright, look. I'll prove it to you. Is there a library around here?

EXT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DAY

Establishing shot. Yes, it's spelled "Liberry."

INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DAY

CLOSE ON Joe's astounded face. He looks around in disbelief as we

PULL OUT to reveal that the library apparently contains nothing but miles and miles of pornography. The Cabinet Members and guards are there too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
So... all you have is pornography?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Uh, they got other stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - STACKS - LATER

Secretary of Defense pulls a book off the shelf that says, "Extreme Science." Joe opens it. We see a woman in a G-string seductively holding a DNA double helix model. He flips through it. It's all quasi-porn.

JOE
Hmm. Do you have any... *older* books?

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DIFFERENT SECTION - DAY

Secretary of Defense hands him a book called "Horny Grandmas."

JOE
That's not what I meant by "older." I need a book that was made a long time ago.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - DEEP IN THE STACKS - DAY

Joe is poring over several ancient, yellowed, mildewed books. He finds one that seems like what he's looking for.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBERRY OF CONGRESS - READING AREA - DAY

The Cabinet Members are all looking at issues of "Horny Grandmas," "Moms Who Like to go." Joe comes running out, excited.

JOE
(his mind reeling)
I figured it out! Electrolytes are salt. That's your problem. It's just like the Dust Bowl. It probably worked for a few decades, but now salt's building up in the topsoil.
(MORE)

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (contíd)
That's what's killing the plants. That's what's causing the dust storms -- just like the Dust Bowl!

Beat.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Yeah, that's what we were saying. Rauncho's got electrolytes.

Joe sees he's not going to get anywhere.

Joe (cont'd)
Okay, look. You're just gonna have to trust me on this. You've got nothing to lose. Just switch all the crops to water.

14-YEAR-OLD
Like from the toilet?

JOE
Okay fine. Yes, from the toilet. Wherever you get that water, send that to the crops!

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Okay... You don't have to have a fag attack. *

14-YEAR-OLD
Hey look! My Grandma!

The 14-Year-Old proudly holds up a centerfold (we don't see it). Joe gets an eyeful, recoils, and quickly looks away, suppressing a dry-heave.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

VARIOUS LOCATIONS, Crops, landscape sprinklers, lawns, etc.

Sprinklers come on. The last spurts of Rauncho sputter out, and water begins flowing.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

Joe and the Cabinet Members stand before what was once the Rose Garden. Joe watches with the Cabinet Members as the sprinklers change to water.

14-YEAR-OLD
It's not working.

CONTINUED:

JOE
Yeah it is. That's water.

14-YEAR-OLD
I mean the plants aren't growing.

JOE
Well, like I told you, it's gonna take a while. Remember?

President Camacho walks up with a few groupies.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
There's my boy! What's up? You got this problem solved?

JOE
Well, yes Mister President. I think I do. It may take a while, but if everyone is patient, I'm pretty sure this will work. The crops will start growing, the dust storms will stop, the economy'll get better. You just gotta be patient... So about my pardon-

Camacho gives him big overly aggressive bear hug.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
My man!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN' - DAY

Camacho addresses congress. Joe sits with Rita, Dizz and the Cabinet Members out on the floor as before.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Today, I solved the biggest bummer in the history of America. How?...
(not a rhetorical question, actually forgot)
Uuuh... remember when I hired Secretary Not Sure? He thought of a bunch of science involving uh,... water and uh... electrolytes...

The audience starts nodding, impressed, on board, when they hear "electrolytes."

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
And Not Sure did that science to the plants. So now, there will be crops! The problem is solved!

The crowd cheers. Joe appears live on the Jumbotron. Various Congressmen pat him on the back, congratulatory.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
And all that other stuff will stop too, like the dust storms, the starvation, the ambulanches and the economy.

He pauses for the crowd to cheer.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO (cont'd)
And I'm gonna be going up in the polls! And I'm gonna be gettin' my pole up -- ya'll know what I'm talkin' about?!... My pole!

Everyone CHEERS like crazy as President Camacho grabs his crotch.

ANGLE ON Joe, looking a little uneasy. He leans over to the Attorney General.

JOE
So, ah... He seems pretty happy. Do you think I could get my pardon now?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Yeah, Camacho said you could get it as soon as the crops grow. That way they can lock your ass down if your plan doesn't work. He's a good mo-vi-tator.

Worried, Joe looks out and sees Congressmen doing some filthy air-booty spank dance, chanting "Crops."

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe looks out the window at the dead rose garden, as Rita lies on the bed.

JOE
Wow... If this works, I really did save the country. I've never done anything like that before.

Beat.

CONTINUED:

JOE
I hope something grows fast. I don't want to wait too long for that pardon.

RITA
Well, we can always try to make another run for the time machine.

JOE
Yeah. I'll get Dizz working on a better map tomorrow.

Joe goes over and sits in a chair.

RITA
To tell you the truth, I'm not in such a big hurry to get back to Upgrayed anyway. And I'm not sure if it's the drugs they gave us in that experiment or what, but I kind of feel like I'm smarter than most of these people.

JOE
Yeah. I know what you mean.

RITA
It's kind of a good feeling.
(musing)
You think Einstien walked around thinking everyone was a bunch of dumbshits?

JOE
Huh... I never thought of it that way...
(considers it)
Now I know why he built that bomb...

Joe lies down on the floor.

RITA
You know, you don't have to sleep on the floor. I won't bite.

Joe is caught off guard, a bit awkward.

JOE
Oh, ah...that's okay. I wouldn't want to get you in trouble with Upgrayed -- sleeping with some stranger.

Rita can't help herself, she starts laughing. Joe nervously joins in.

CONTINUED: (2)

RITA
Well, if you change your mind, it's better than the floor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Joe wakes up, goes over to the window and looks out at the rose garden. Nothing is growing yet. The sprinklers are on with water, but it still looks barren. He looks a little worried.

JOE
Shit.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Joe's guards lead him to a conference room. He runs into Dizz walking the opposite way with a chick on each arm. *

DIZZ
Hey man, these chicks have never seen the inside of the White House. Ladies, this is Secretary Not Sure.

CHICK #1
(hornily)
Ooooh... I saw you on TV.

JOE
Oh, yeah... Hey Dizz, can I talk to you a second?
(to the guards)
Excuse me a second. This is ah, top secret, technical crop stuff.

Joe pulls Dizz to the side, talks quietly.

JOE
Dizz, you need to draw me a better map.

DIZZ
"Draw"? I got it off Omnipal-MapSmart.

JOE
Well get a better one, or just get me the address. Quick.

DIZZ
I'm kind of busy with these chicks.

JOE
The money Dizz, remember?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
Oh yeah. Alright. I can do 'em fast.

Dizz walks towards the ladies, undressing as he goes. Joe turns away in disgust.

The Cabinet Members come running up to Joe, in a panic.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Shit! All shit's broken loose!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
We got the CEO of Rauncho on the phone, and he's pissed off! Come here, quick!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and the Cabinet Members are gathered around a VIDEO PHONE talking to the CEO OF RAUNCHO, who's in his office, panicking. We hear people rioting outside his building and occasionally bottles and debris hit his window.

RAUNCHO CEO
What happened?!

JOE
Ah...Well, we switched the crops to water.

RAUNCHO CEO
I'm not talking about that.
(points to a computer screen, freaked out)
Our sales are all like, down. Way down! The stock went to zero and the computer did auto-layoff on everybody!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Shit! Almost everyone in the country works for Rauncho!

RAUNCHO CEO
Not anymore! And the computer said everyone owes Rauncho money! Everyone's bank account is zero now!

14-YEAR-OLD
(scared)
I think that makes the economy suck!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAUNCHO CEO
What're we gonna do?! Shit's going crazy!

He ducks as a bottle from the angry mob shatters the window.

JOE
(trying to stay calm)
Okay, ah... Why don't you just... hire everyone back?

RAUNCHO CEO
I can't! The computer won't let me.

JOE
Can't you shut the computer off?

RAUNCHO CEO
No. I got laid off too. My password doesn't work!
(on the verge of tears)
Why is this happening?!

JOE
(reticent)
Well... It's probably because we switched to water, but--

14-YEAR-OLD
You mean this is <u>your</u> fault?!

RAUNCHO CEO
Yeah, all this shit started when you switched to water!

JOE
Look, don't worry. Sometimes things have to get worse before they get better.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Huh?

We hear another angry mob, this time outside the White House. Joe looks out the window and sees the mob gathering, yelling and throwing stuff.

JOE
(trying to play it cool)
Um... I have to go to the bathroom.

Joe casually steps out of the room.

IN THE HALLWAY

CONTINUED: (2)

As soon as he's out, Joe takes off running.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe runs in. Finds Rita.

JOE
We gotta get out of here. Right now.

RITA
What's wrong?

Joe pulls open the curtain, revealing the angry mob, yelling and throwing bottles.

RITA
Oh my God...

JOE
I knew it! This is what happens when I try to fix something. *

Camacho bursts in with Guards.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
There he is. Get him.

The guards grab him and throw handcuffs on him.

JOE
Wait! I was just trying to help!
(pleading)
It's gonna take time.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Save your smart-man double-talk brain tricks for the judge.

JOE
Judge? Oh no, not another trial.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Oh yeah. You're going to the Extreme Court.

BEGIN NEWS MONTAGE:

TV, FULL SCREEN

We're watching the news on the Violence Channel. A Violence Channel news graphic comes on.

CONTINUED:

A FEMALE NEWSCASTER with an amazing hairdo, at a news desk, an image of Joe behind her. She is straining to sound smart.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
He tried to take water from toilets but It's Not Sure who finds himself in the toilet now. And as history pulls down it's pants and prepares to lower it's ass on Not Sure's head,... it is daddy justice who will be crapping on him this time.
(dramatic pause)
We now go live to Violence Channel correspondent, Japhet Rivera, at the Ruancho Shareholders meeting where all shit has broken loose...

INT. RAUNCHO HQ - STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING *

A MALE REPORTER stands in front of the camera. He's a Geraldo-type, like a war correspondent, who's enjoying the mayhem a little too much. Behind him, stockholders yelling, throwing stuff. The Rauncho CEO is at a podium, trying in vain to maintain order.

MALE REPORTER
Thank you Rhonda. What you see behind me kicks ass. As you can see, these people want answers and-- Whoa!

A full-on brawl breaks out, and starts spreading throughout the whole room. The reporter watches, getting excited.

MALE REPORTER
Oooh yeah!... Yeah... Yeah... Kick his ass!

The Reporter can't help himself, he drops the microphone, and joins in the fight, whaling on the first person he sees.

BACK ON THE FEMALE ANCHOR:

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
Thank you Japhet. Kick ass. We'll see more of that action later.

A bad picture of Not Sure comes back on.

CONTINUED:

FEMALE NEWSCASTER (cont'd)
With us now to discuss the trial of Secretary Not Sure, is one of the most important celebrities or our times, the star of "Ow My Balls." Welcome, Bob Nyquil.

In a WIDER SHOT, we see the STAR OF "OW MY BALLS" sitting across a table from her a la Larry King.

OW MY BALLS GUY
Thank you, June. You know, it really hurts me to see what's going on. He said he'd make the crops grow, but the only thing he made grow was--

The Female Newscaster winks to the camera, then hauls off and KICKS HIM SWIFTLY IN THE BALLS. He SCREAMS in pain, then falls to the floor.

OW MY BALLS GUY (cont'd)
Oooooow! My Balls!

The people in the studio all laugh like baboons.

BACK ON FEMALE NEWSCASTER

FEMALE NEWSCASTER
(finishes laughing, then turns to camera, serious)
We go now to Buzeta Jones, at the Extreme Court, with highlights of today's trial.

EXT. EXTREME COURT - DAY

It's what used to be the Supreme Court, dumbed-down and extremed-out. A FEMALE REPORTER stands in front.

FEMALE REPORTER
Thank you June. As he awaited trial, Not Sure had this to say to America: "I don't care how many people lose their jobs and starve. I'm the smartest man in history, ha ha ha." Well let's see who laughed last today...

INT. EXTREME COURT - DAY

Just like the Supreme court, but of course, dumber. Twelve Judges, who look more like futuristic pimps, sit on the bench.

CONTINUED:

FEMALE REPORTER(V.O.)
It started off boring and slow with Not Sure trying to bullshit everyone with a bunch of smart-talk.

DIZZ
My client wants to address the court, your Extremenesses.

Joe stands up, addresses the 12 Justices.

JOE
I don't even really understand what I'm on trial for. I never said I was the smartest guy on Earth, you people did. I told you not to make me secretary, but you did it anyway, so I just tried to help. I told you it was gonna take a long time for the plants to grow, and it *will* work if you give it a chance. I know it will. Look, even if you find me guilty and lock me away, for your own sake you can't switch back to Rauncho. Eventually, it will kill everything, and you'll all starve. You gotta believe me. That's all I gotta say. Thank you. Uh, your extreme...ness...es. *

Joe sits. The courtroom is quiet for a beat. It seems like maybe Joe's words sunk in...

Then some REALLY STUPID MUSIC kicks in. The PROSECUTOR gets up and starts dancing around.

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
But it didn't take long for the Prosecutor to turn this trial out.

INT. EXTREME COURT - LATER

The room is now filled with bikini girls dancing around the prosecutor, fireworks going off, dry ice, giant flags. The prosecutor dances around in front of the 12 Justices like a rapper, doing a call and response.

PROSECUTOR
Guilty of what?

JUSTICES/COURTROOM
Talkin' out his butt!

PROSECUTOR
Guilty of what?

CONTINUED:

JUSTICES/COURTROOM
Talkin' out his butt!

INT. EXTREME COURT - LATER

The chief justice bangs his gavel. *

CHIEF JUSTICE
Not Sure! For ruining the country, we sentence you to... REHABILITATION!

The courtroom CHEERS. Joe looks a little relieved.

JOE
(to Dizz)
Rehabilitation? That doesn't sound so bad...

FEMALE REPORTER (V.O.)
"Not so bad"? Here's some highlights from last week on Rehabilitation.

EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM

A Gladiator-style stadium, with a giant sign that reads "REHABILITATION".

A condemned prisoner runs for his life, pursued by five giant pitbulls and a guy in a golf cart swinging a mace.

The pitbulls converge, the prisoner goes down -- off-screen -- and there are some AWFUL NOISES as he gets finished off. The crowd roars its approval.

FEMALE REPORTER(V.O.)
Good luck, Not Sure! This is Monster Truck week!

INT. PRISON - VISITING AREA - DAY

Rita visits the condemned Joe. They are separated by thick glass. They speak quietly. *

RITA
So you think you can escape again? Like you did last time?

JOE
No. They pretty much fixed that.

RITA
How?

CONTINUED:

JOE
They chained me to a big rock.

Rita looks over the partition and sees a chain going from Joe's foot to a gigantic boulder.

JOE
Look Rita, this "Rehabilitation" thing is basically a gladiator-style death sentence. Only one guy out of the last ten made it out alive.

RITA
Well you got a good chance then. I bet you're smarter than all those guys.

JOE
I don't think smart matters when a guy's trying to run you over with a giant truck... Look Rita, I want you to go to the time machine without me, don't wait. *

RITA
I wish there were something more I could do. I'm sorry Joe.

JOE
No, I'm sorry. It's my fault. We should've made a run for it when we had the chance.... Instead I had to stay and screw everything up as usual.

RITA
You didn't screw things up, they did. You were just tryin' to do the right thing.

JOE
Yeah, well...

PRISON GUARD (O.S.)
Visit's over!

Behind Joe, a forklift starts rolling the giant boulder he's chained to.

JOE
Guess I better go...

RITA
Good luck Joe.

Rita puts her hand up to the glass. Joe gets up to do the same and is immediately yanked back by his chain.

INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

Wide establishing shot of the gladiator-style stadium, with a giant sign that reads "REHABILITATION".

We see a giant Zamboni-looking thing sweeping up the crushed remains of a vehicle that has been smashed into oblivion.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
That's three kills and one more to go. Next up for rehabilitation is Noooot Suuuuure! Are you ready for some car on car action?!

The crowd cheers. We see that President Camacho and his cabinet have box seats to this event.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
How 'bout it for the Dildozer!

The crowd cheers as a vehicle the size four monster trucks comes thundering out of the gate, like a Freudian nightmare. It has a giant phallic-looking drill on the front of it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The Assblaster!

Another huge truck, a Hummer times a hundred, but even stupider looking, comes roaring out with a huge phallic-looking jackhammer at the front end of it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And the Bitchmaker!!!

A giant monstrosity with blades in front -- like a giant rototiller, but phallic shaped.

Joe watches in horror from a holding pen, somehow still chained to the giant rock.

JOE
(momentarily detached.)
I never would've guessed that this is how I was gonna die.

He talks to a guard.

JOE
I get a car too right?

CONTINUED:

GUARD
Yeah, here it comes.

A pathetic econ-box the size of a Geo Metro, with a flaccid 3-foot rubber dildo glued to the hood, comes puttering out.

The guard Unlocks Joe's chain and shoves him in the car. He's handcuffed to the steering wheel. They close the gate behind him.

GUARD
Good luck.

They guards start CRACKING UP. Joe tries several times to start the engine. It barely starts.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now, he tried to ruin the country by pouring toilet water on our crops, he cost millions of starving families their jobs...

In a WIDE SHOT Joe's tiny pathetic car putters into the arena, dwarfed by the trucks. The three giant monster trucks rev their mighty engines and fire up their weapons. It's deafening.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Let's get ready to rehabilitate Not Suuuuuuuure!

A loud HORN goes off. The bloodthirsty crowd goes wild.

The Dildozer charges at Joe.

JOE
(to himself)
Well, can't let 'em get me without a fight. Bring it on assholes!

He guns it, lurches forward and immediately stalls. The rubber dildo flops back and splats against the windshield, startling Joe. He frantically restarts it just in time to maneuver the car between the giant wheels of the Dildozer, which is so huge and jacked up, it roars right over him without even touching him.

Joe gains a little confidence. Allows himself a grin, until he sees...

WIDE SHOT, the Dildozer hydraulically drops itself down like a lowrider, until it's barely clearing the ground. The Assblaster and Bitchmaker do the same.

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Oh shit...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rita watches the "Rehabilitation" on TV.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)
Well, this shouldn't take too much longer. The record's five minutes. He's already been in a minute and a half, and as we all know, he is a pussy...

Rita can't take it anymore. She turns away and starts sadly packing a suitcase. Dizz enters.

DIZZ
That's a bummer about Not Sure, huh?

RITA
Yeah.

DIZZ
He was a pretty cool guy. I liked him. Too bad he had to go cause all that suffering and shit.

Dizz pulls out a folded up paper.

DIZZ
Here's the directions to the time machine... Or I could drive you there if you want. *

RITA
(sadly)
Thanks Dizz.

EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

The Bitchmaker comes tearing at Joe, doing a wheelie. Joe just barely out-maneuvers him as a giant wheel comes crashing down, missing Joe by an inch.

Joe manages to outmaneuver the Assblaster, charging at Joe from the other direction, but then Joe's car stalls out again in the middle of the arena.

The Assblaster and the Bitchmaker position themselves on opposite sides of Joe, and get ready to smash him. Joe frantically tries to restart his car.

CONTINUED:

JOE
Come on... Come on...

The two gaigantic trucks come charging at Joe. Joe looks like a dead man. Then, at the last second Joe's engine turns over just enough to lurch the car forward, out of the way. The two trucks collide. The Assblaster's jackhammer gets chewed up by the Bitchmaker's rotoblades, sending shrapnel into the Bitchmaker's cockpit, KNOCKING OUT THE BITCHMAKER'S DRIVER. *

Joe breathes a sigh of relief, until he gets rammed by the Dildozer from behind, sending his car flipping and bouncing several times. The crowd goes nuts.

Joe's car lands upsidedown. It looks like it's all over. But then he sees that his steering wheel has broken off, enabling him to leave the car. He climbs out, his left hand still cuffed to the broken-off steering wheel. He takes off running, narrowly escaping as the Dildozer pulverizes what's left of his car. The crowd's loving it.

The Assblaster backs up and stops. The crowd goes wild, yelling some kind of one syllable chant that sounds vaguely like "dogs". Joe looks confused. Then a hatch falls open on the back of the Assblaster, dumping a load of PITT BULLS the size of small horses on the arena floor.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rita and Dizz watch the same thing on TV.

RITA
I can't watch...

Rita turns away from the TV and looks out the window. Something catches her eye.

RITA
Holy shit... Dizz come here! Look!

Dizz comes over to the window. Dizz and Rita's POV:

A rose has bloomed, along with several other sprouts. The garden seems to be coming to life for the first time.

RITA
He was right! Dizz, you gotta get me to this Rehabilitation place, now!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Dizz drives as fast as he can. Rita looks for a way to turn on the radio.

RITA
How do you turn on the radio? I wanna see if Joe's okay.

DIZZ
(to car)
Radio... Radio!

The voice activation doesn't work. Dizz leans down closer and closer.

DIZZ
Radio!...Ra-di-o!

Dizz leans down so far into the microphone, he takes his eyes off the road. The car goes bouncing off the road into some crops. In the headlights, we see rows and rows of green sprouts growing.

RITA
Oh my God... He did it! Hurry Dizz!

EXT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

Joe does his best to keep the pit bulls at bay, running and swinging his steering wheel cuffed to his hand at them, and hiding behind the stalled Bitchmaker.

ANGLE ON THE STANDS.

Rita and Dizz come running in. Rita gets as close as security will allow her to the Presidential box, and yells down to them.

RITA
Mr. President! Mr. President! You gotta stop this thing! The crops are growing!

President Camacho, with a groupie on each arm, looks back at Rita yelling to him. *

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
(to his groupies)
That chick wants me.

RITA
Joe -- I mean Not Sure -- was right! It worked! The crops are growing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Camacho yells back to Rita, condescending.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Sure they are. You gotta wait your turn baby. There's enough President for everyone.

Rita sees Joe on the Jumbotron. She looks down a few rows and sees a CAMERAMAN in the press area, covering the action. She gets an idea. *

RITA
Dizz, go get that guy with the camera and take him to those crops we saw. Tell him to broadcast it everywhere.

She pulls a big wad of money out of her bra.

RITA
Give him this! Bribe him! I'm gonna try to stop this thing.

Dizz runs off. Rita yells to Camacho.

RITA
Mr. President! You gotta beleive me!

The security guards push Rita back. Secretary of Defense recognizes her.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Hey, isn't that Not Sure's 'ho?

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Oh yeah. It is.

RITA
Just watch the Jumbotron! You'll see in just a few minutes! The crops are growing!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
What if she's right?

The president considers for a moment.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
Hmmm... Okay, you got 5 minutes.
(yells to someone O.S.)
ROPE!

Hearing this, the audience starts chanting...

CONTINUED: (2)

AUDIENCE
(in rhythm)
Rope! Rope! Rope!

A rope is lowered from the ceiling Joe climbs it as best he can with a steering wheel cuffed to his hand.

He gets up, clear of the pit bulls reach, but looking up, quickly realizes there's nowhere to climb to but a flat ceiling. It's only there as a cruel joke to prolong his suffering.

Rita looks up at the jumbotron, hoping.

RITA
(apprehensive, to herself)
Come on Dizz. You can do it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Dizz drives with the Cameraman. Something catches his eye. He stops the car.

DIZZ
Whoa! Look.

DIZZ'S POV: A Starbucks. A blinking sign that says, "1/2 OFF ON 'GENTLEMEN'S' LATTES."

CAMERAMAN
Shit that's a good deal.

Dizz pulls out the money Rita gave him.

DIZZ
I got a bunch of money too... I forgot what it was for.

CAMERAMAN
Probably for lattes.

DIZZ
Oh yeah. Probably.

They pull into the Starbucks.

INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

Joe holds on to the rope for dear life. He strains to hold on, losing his grip. The Dilldozer makes another pass at him. Joe yells to the driver:

CONTINUED:

JOE
That other driver called you a fag!

The Dilldozer peels out in anger, after the Assblaster.

The Assblaster charges at Joe, doing a wheelie. The Dilldozer enters frame, slamming into the Assblaster and knocking him upsidedown.

ON RITA, still being held back by security. She watches Joe, looks up at the Jumbotron.

RITA
Come on Dizz, what's taking so long.. *
*

EXT. STARBUCK'S - NIGHT

Dizz and the Cameraman emerge from Starbuck's stretching, satisfied. Their pace is agonizingly slow. Dizz is in his boxer shorts.

CAMERAMAN
Man... that was great.

DIZZ
Yeah...
(looks down)
Hey. Was I wearing pants when we went in there?

CAMERAMAN
Shit. What do I look like, a pants goblin?...

Another beat of satisfied stretching. Cameraman notices something.

CAMERAMAN
Hey look, Starbucks.

DIZZ
Oh yeah.

They stare at it for a beat. Something catches Dizzes eye -- a sign that reads "The Official Exotic Gentleman's Beverage of Rehabilitation."

DIZZ
Wait a minute... This reminds me of something...

Dizz zeroes in on the word "Rehabilitation." He stares at it for a painfully long beat.

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
Uuuh...

INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

The Dildozer is the last remaining vehicle. Joe can't hold on to the rope much longer. He starts to slip. The Dildozer charges at him. Joe barely pulls himself back up, but he has no more strength.

The Dildozer circles around, dramatically prolonging the kill.

The crowd starts chanting "Grease! Grease! Grease!"

JOE
Oh no...

ANGLE ON RITA, begging Camacho for more time.

RITA
Just another 5 minutes, please!

The crowd is getting too angry. They start throwing stuff. Camacho looks back at Rita. He has no choice.

PRESIDENT CAMACHO
GREASE!

The crowd goes nuts as grease starts to ooze out of the place where the rope is attached to the ceiling. It drips down towards Joe.

JOE
Shit...

ANGLE ON RITA, watching the Jumbotron, fingers crossed.

RITA
Come on Dizz...

CUT TO:

EXT. STARBUCK'S - CONTINUOUS

Dizz is still staring at the word "Rehabilitation" on the Starbuck's sign.

DIZZ
Uuuuh...

CONTINUED:

CAMERAMAN
What do ya keep readin' that word for? You a fag?

The word "fag" seems to have jarred Dizz's memory. Words echo in his mind, "fag," "Rehabilition," Not Sure!

DIZZ
Fag?... Oooh yeah... Not Sure. Shit.

INT. GIANT SCARY STADIUM - NIGHT

The Grease slips slowly down the rope to where Joe's hands are, making it too slick to hold on to. He starts to slowly slide down. He falls off the rope, lands in the dirt.

ANGLE ON RITA. She looks at the Jumbotron, losing all hope that Dizz will come through.

ON THE DILDOZER, The Dilldozer revs it's engine a few times, getting ready for the kill.

ON Joe, staggers up, getting ready to run, or dodge the Dilldozer.

ON RITA. She turns away, not wanting to watch Joe get killed. *

As she looks down, we hear the cheers of the crowd suddenly turn to CONFUSED MURMURS. Rita allows herself a peek.

ON THE JUMBOTRON: A GREEN SPROUT!

RITA
Yes!

Everyone including President Camacho and the cabinet members are looking and pointing at the Jumbotron. The camera pans several rows of growing sprouts. Camacho and the Cabinet Members start to put it together.

The driver of the Dildozer, expecting cheers of bloodlust is confused by the quiet murmurs. He too looks up at the Jumbotron.

Joe, adrenalined up, fearing for his life, sees only that the driver of the Dildozer is distracted. He makes a run for the abandon Bitchmaker. He jumps in, starts it up and charges at the Dilldozer.

CONTINUED:

The Dilldozer's driver doesn't see it coming. Joe does what amounts to a vehicular sucker punch, SLAMMING THE DILDOZER INTO THE WALL. The Dildozer bursts into flames. The crowd becomes interested again.

Joe sees the driver is stuck in the burning Dilldozer. He watches for a beat. He looks conflicted and then realizes he has to save him.

He runs over and pulls the Driver out. But As soon as the Driver is safe, he immediately starts beating the shit out of Joe. Then the Driver grabs an axel rod, comes back over to finish Joe off.

President Camacho and the Cabinet Members see this. They jump out of their box seats, Camacho in the lead, climb into the arena and pull the driver off, and beat his ass down, rescuing Joe.

Camacho raises Joe's hand in victory, pointing at the sprouts on the Jumbotron. The crowd cheers Joe.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - MORNING

Joe, Rita, and Dizz are hanging out, having a little after-party, enjoying some FOOD -- each eating from their own bucket, watching "Ow My Balls" on TV.

ON TV: We see the Ow, My Balls guy running around with his crotch on fire, alternately smacking at his crotch and yelling in pain. We see a fireman take aim with one of those high-powered fire hoses. The high-pressure stream nails him in the balls, lifting him in the air, hurling him 30 feet. He lands crotch-first on a cactus.

BALLS GUY
Ow! My balls!

Joe, Dizz and Rita all have a good LAUGH. Joe scoops a big bite of "Food." *

JOE
Man this stuff is good. I'm gonna miss it.
(shoving in a last mouthful)
Well, I've got a full pardon now, we're free to go, so... You ready to head to the time machine?

RITA
I'm not going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe is stunned.

JOE
What? Why not?

RITA
I had some ah, bad habits back there I don't wanna fall into again.

JOE
And what about Upgrayed?

RITA
I think I'm kind of over Upgrayed. And without him, I wouldn't even have a place to stay.

JOE
You could stay with me...
(realizing)
and Sharon.

RITA
That sounds kinda crowded... *

JOE
Oh, it's not so bad. Sharon's ex-boyfriend stayed with us for eight months once, while he was starting a record label...
(getting bummed out)
It was kind of crowded actually.
(another depressed beat)
He still owes me 2,000 dollars.

RITA
Don't worry about it. Besides, they offered me a pretty good job at Starbucks here. I'm gonna be a CEO. *

JOE
Starbucks? You're still gonna paint, aren't you?

RITA
Uh,... yeah. Sure.

JOE
Well, I guess this is goodbye then...

Rita's sad to see him go, but she can't quite admit it. Joe, also sad, stands awkwardly, not sure what to say. Dizz watches them, laughing hornily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Finally, Joe shakes her hand, then picks up his suitcase, getting ready to leave.

RITA
Hey, Joe? If you ever meet Upgrayed, promise me you'll still think of me the way you think of me now? You know, as a painter. *

JOE
Well of course. Why wouldn't I?

RITA
You'll see. Spend a little time with Upgrayed and you'll be surprised what starts making sense.

The Attorney General, The Secretary of Defense and the 14-year-old Secretary of the Interior enter, followed by a cute little FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY, smoking a cigarette.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Hey guess what? Camacho's gonna make you Vice President!

They all start patting him on the back, congratulating.

JOE
Ah... You guys--

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Kick ass!

14 YEAR OLD
Oh, and, ah, my son wanted to meet you. Is that okay?

JOE
Your son...?

The boy walks up to Joe, shakes his hand.

14 YEAR OLD
Extreme, say hello to the new Vice President.

EXTREME
My Dad says you're gonna be the best Vice President ever!

JOE
Well, hold on now. I... I can't accept the job.

CONTINUED: (3)

Cabinet Members are stunned.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
What?! Why?

JOE
I gotta get home.

14-YEAR-OLD
But how are we gonna fix all our problems?

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Yeah. When you switched to water? And you turned off the computer? Taxes aren't working now.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Yeah, and there's a
(struggling with the pronunciation)
nuk-uller-er reactor in Florida that's not working and it's leaking or something.

14-YEAR-OLD
I thought it was in Georgia.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Georgia's in Florida. Isn't it?

Joe starts to look stressed, then gathers himself.

JOE
Look, you guys are gonna have to solve these problems yourselves.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
How?

JOE
You know, you think about it, you work it out. Like we did with the crops.

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Huh?

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
(defeated)
Ah, it's so complicated.

The Cabinet members all groan, making various GIVING UP NOISES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOE
Well... so what if it's complicated! The country's depending on you! Come on you guys!

ATTORNEY GENERAL
Ah, forget it.

JOE
Look, you can't just keep giving up so easily. You've gotta take command. Make decisions! Think about things! If you don't, who will?

More blank, confused stares from the Cabinet members.

EXTREME
So you're just gonna leave us?

JOE
(having a meltdown)
Look, I don't wanna go, but I can't stay. I'm not a leader... I mean, I got lucky once, but... I gotta get back... to my life. *
(clutching his head, unravelling)
But if I leave -- you guys'll... who knows what'll happen to the world?...

Rita senses Joe is wavering. She gets an idea.

RITA
Joe. I think you should stay.

JOE
But I can't just... TJ Swan's--

Rita walks over to Joe, determined, on a mission.

RITA
Joe. Can I talk to you? Alone.

JOE
(confused)
Huh? Okay.

She pulls him back into a room with a pool table and shuts the door.

JOE
(confused)
What's going--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Rita jams her tongue down his throat and throws him down on the pool table. Joe doesn't put up much of a fight, goes with it.

The music we heard earlier on the Masturbation Network kicks in, this time as score.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Cabinet Members all crowd around the door to listen.

14-YEAR-OLD
Hey, this door's got a keyhole!

He leans down to look, but Dizz knocks him out of the way like a football player, and starts watching. We don't hear Joe and Rita, but from the noises Dizz is making, we get the idea that they're going at it pretty good.

DIZZ
Ooooh yeah!... Mmmmm yeah... Damn... Way to go!... Utilize! Yyyyyyyyeah!!! Not Sure kicks ass!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - LOUNGE AREA - LATER

The Cabinet Members are all sitting around.

Joe stumbles out. He's only wearing his underwear, but doesn't seem to care. He looks a little happier and a tad stupider than he did before. He flops down in a chair, grabs a handful of Food, and eats it, thoughtfully.

JOE
You know... Maybe I don't need to go to that time machine right away.

Cabinet Members all cheer.

EXTREME
Yeah. That ride sucks anyway.

Beat.

JOE
(confused)
Ride?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIME MACHINE

Joe, Rita and Dizz sit strapped into a car on a track, like a typical amusement park ride, or haunted house.

A Voice Over begins. Note: this is not the Computer Voice, it's more like a Vincent Price horror movie voice.

VOICE OVER
Welcome to the Time Machine. We are going to take you back... Back! BACK!! First, to the year 1939, when Charlie Chaplain and his evil Nazi regime enslaved Europe and tried to take over the world!

A spotlight goes on. We see a wax figure of Charlie Chaplain in his classic Tramp costume, his arm extended in a Nazi salute amidst a mishmash of various other historical perversions.

ANGLE ON Joe and Dizz.

JOE
So you knew this thing was just a ride the whole time?

DIZZ
Yeah... You thought you could really travel through time?

JOE
Well... Yeah. I guess.

DIZZ
Boy, for the smartest guy in the world, you're pretty dumb.

JOE
Well, why didn't you tell me?

Dizz is a little embarrassed.

DIZZ
I like money... Sorry.

JOE
But if it's not a real time machine there wouldn't have been any money.

Long beat on Dizz, trying to put it together, then...

CONTINUED:

DIZZ
Oooooooh yeeeah... Shit.

Joe looks at Rita.

JOE
Well, I guess we're stuck here. Might as well make the best of it.

RITA
Yup.

Joe puts his arm around Rita. They both smile and enjoy the rest of the ride.

VOICE OVER
Fortunately, Charlie Chaplain's evil career was cut short by cocaine addiction...

We see mug shots of Robert Downey Jr. with a Charlie Chaplain mustache airbrushed on.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN' - DAY

Joe is giving a speech, being cheered by the Congressmen and audience. Dizz is on one side of him and Rita on the other.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And so after serving a short term as Vice President, Joe was elected President of America. Dizz became Vice President and Rita, the former prostitute, became first Lady. Under President Not Sure's leadership, a new era dawned...

As the cheers subside, Joe continues his speech.

JOE
...And we need to stop relying on computers all the time, and start making more decisions and figuring things out for ourselves...

BEGIN MONTAGE

Various people watching his speech -- shantytown, hospital people, "servers" in Starbucks.

Joe (cont'd)
...You know, there was a time when people didn't have computers.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

Joe (cont'd) (contíd)
It wasn't easy, but they built airplanes, and pyramids and ships...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The JUDGE, from before, watches the speech with his FAMILY OF FIVE, each on their own La-Z-John.

Joe (cont'd)
... And there was a time in this country, a long time ago, when reading wasn't just for fags. And neither was writing. People wrote books and movies -- movies that had stories so you cared about who's ass it was and why it was farting...

JUDGE
He's not so bad... for a fag.

BACK TO HOUSE OF REPRESENTIN'

Joe (cont'd)
(on a roll)
And we gotta stop calling our women whores!

ANGLE ON RITA: she looks around uncomfortably and claps sheepishly.

JOE (CONT'D)
And start calling them chicks again!

The crowd CHEERS.

JOE
I know these things aren't easy to do. I'm pretty lazy myself. But you know, sometimes you have to challenge yourself, and do something that matters, cuz if you don't, you'll wind up with a hollow empty feeling inside.

Beat. The crowd looks a little confused.

CONGRESSMAN
You mean like when you're hungry?

CONGRESSMAN 2
(cracking up)
Or like when you got diarrhea?

Congressmen all start cracking up and making fart noises.

JOE
Yeah, why not... like when you got diarrhea.

The crowd CHEERS again. The applause grows and the crowd starts chanting.

AUDIENCE
(chanting)
Not Sure! Not Sure! Not Sure!

Joe grabs the same big gun President Camacho had and awkwardly shoots it in the air. The recoil almost knocks him down, as the crowd goes nuts.

EXT. ROSE GARDEN - STILL MORE YEARS LATER

Joe and Rita play with their kids.

NARRATOR
Joe and Rita had three children, the three smartest kids in the world.

We PAN OVER to Dizz, surrounded by eight girls in bikinis waiting on him hand and foot.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
Vice President Dizz took eight wives, and had a total of thirty-two kids,...

Several filthy kids run around, pulling roses out of the ground, throwing mud.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
...thirty-two of the dumbest kids to ever walk the earth...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE

Joe and family relax in the Oval office.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
Okay, so maybe Joe didn't exactly save mankind, but he got the ball rolling. And that's pretty damn good for an Army Electrician.

We PAN OVER to Rita, doing a HIDEOUSLY BAD OIL PAINTING, as Joe looks on proudly.

CONTINUED:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

CODA OVER CREDITS:

EXT. FILTHY STREET - DAY

We see another pod come to life, creaking open. We pull out to reveal UPGRAYED getting out of the pod. He rises, dusts himself off, starts walking.

UPGRAYED
(determined)
I'm gonna go find that 'ho.

THE END?